

FEB 4 1922

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The Saturday Review

No. 3453. Vol. 132.

31 December 1921

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.]

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions are not invited, but will be considered provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for their return if unsuitable. They should be typewritten.

The Editor presents his compliments to the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and begs leave to direct their attentions to the Advertisement on the back page.

Publication of the Financial Supplement will be resumed on January 6th.

Notes of the Week

ON very good authority we are able to state that the recommendations of the Geddes Committee are for a saving of £70,000,000—an announcement that will come as a severe blow to the hopeful public. The wildest accounts have been current as to the amount of the proposed economies, and the estimates that we have seen in the Press vary between £200,000,000 and £300,000,000. These are doubtless hasty inferences from the Scottish composition of the Committee. We are informed that Sir Eric Geddes is much perturbed by the conjectural figures that have appeared in the Press. The hopes of the taxpayer have thereby been raised to an unduly high level, and when the report is published the result can only be that the taxpayer will vent his disappointment on Sir Eric Geddes, from whom he has been led to expect so much. Sir Eric will therefore suffer in the public esteem. He is in the most invidious position, for a fair and detached examination of his proposals has been rendered impossible in advance.

It may in some degree allay popular disappointment when the report of the Geddes Committee is published if it be realized that the effect of the economies proposed is cumulative. The full effect of the report must therefore not be looked for in the immediate economies recommended. The direct cutting down in the administration, on the one hand, and the unifying of various branches of it, on the other, will, in the long run, result in far-reaching economies far beyond the figure indicated by the Committee. We do not feel justified in going into the details of the Report before it is issued. But in many respects we are in a position to assure our readers that the adoption of the Report would involve a recasting of the administrative machine. Nor must it be forgotten that it is only certain of the Departments that have, up to the present, come under the survey of the Committee. The economies proposed, although they

deal with such important Ministries as those of Education, Labour, Pensions, and the fighting Services, leave other Departments to be examined. It would therefore be premature to cavil at the smallness of Sir Eric's figures.

What the public is liable to leave out of account in connection with the Geddes Committee is the enormous assistance it has received from the older type of Civil Servant. It is sometimes forgotten that the taxpayer has no greater friend than the genuine Civil Servant. He knows more about the workings of his Department than any Minister can ever hope to learn, and without his assistance the Geddes Committee could have done nothing. Whilst the Ministers of Labour and of Education may personally have cause to regret the findings of the Committee, it will be found that the broader-minded Departments have taken advantage of the Committee to promote the interests of the taxpayer. The difficulties and interests which stand in the way of this are very great, and not often realized, and the greatest of them is the personal prestige of the Ministers themselves. It will be found that Sir Eric has "seen through" Dr. Macnamara, and in his examination of the Ministry of Education has not been guilty of the mental confusion, which is so current in the public Press, of identifying wasteful expenditure with money spent in the cause of education.

Following promptly on our leading article last week, in which we deplored the absence from the speeches and communications of the Irish representatives of any hint or suggestion of constructive statesmanship, Mr. Michael Collins issued a manifesto. It will be recalled that we suggested that in the minds of the Irish representatives the means which self-government provided had been confused with the end, and we stated that it seemed as if now that the objective of Home Rule had been reached not one of the members of the Dail had any idea as to what the function of government was. It is, therefore, pleasing to find that Mr. Michael Collins had been as deeply impressed by the omission as we were ourselves. He has now in a public message—which, so far as we are aware, has appeared in the *Sunday Times* alone—stated that he "looks forward, as a practical man, to the Irish making themselves a Nation amongst Nations," and that he "thinks of Ireland as a home of freedom for the individual, a place where men and women shall be really free." We cannot withhold from Mr. Michael Collins the measure of credit which is due to him for setting before his own people a political objective which is coincident with our own.

Mr. Michael Collins did well to move the postponement of the discussion in the Dail until after the holidays. He, doubtless, knew that in the meantime public opinion in Ireland would have an opportunity of expressing itself. He has not been mistaken. County Council after County Council has passed resolutions in favour of the Peace, and in the meetings held throughout the country similar conclusions seem to have been reached. This will not be without influence when the Dail meets again, and there would seem to be every probability that the treaty will be ratified. In this event, what will Mr. De Valera's position be? He will, doubtless, lead a "National" party in the Irish Parliament and will concentrate on creating as much

trouble as he possibly can. Similar parties in favour of secession from the Empire exist in South Africa, and even in Canada, but it has been the province and the success of statesmanship in those countries to see that the "Nationalists" remain in a minority. If Mr. Michael Collins continues in power he will make short work of Mr. De Valera and his associates, whose bitterness is comprehensible seeing that henceforward they will be deprived of the Irish-American subsidies which have so generously financed their careers.

The Political Assizes are now being held in Cannes. His Majesty's Ministers have gone on circuit again and at Mr. Lloyd George's *nisi prius* session Lord Birkenhead, Sir Robert Horne, and Sir Laming Worthington-Evans will be in attendance. Whilst the Prime Minister is playing golf the other three will be discussing the formation of the new party. Nor do we imagine that Mr. Churchill will be far distant. The denomination "National" has been suggested for the new party in order that the Coalition Liberals may be attracted, but it is at present doubtful whether they will be. If Mr. Churchill would consent to lead in the Commons under Lord Birkenhead's Premiership, all would be well, and the present Coalition would continue in fact if not in name. The proposition may be stated in the converse sense, and it would be equally well if Lord Birkenhead would continue to serve in the Lords under Mr. Churchill's Premiership. Neither of these contingencies, in our view, is at present probable, but the moment Mr. Lloyd George goes we may look forward to the fiercest duel of modern times. The protagonists will be two of the most remarkable of the younger statesmen—Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Churchill. No quarter will be shown. Intrigue is already rife; the politicians are now being canvassed. The situation is Oriental—the younger sons prepare to slay one another over their father's dead body. But political situations change rapidly and the whole thing may pass over. Sooner or later, however, it is bound to recur.

We must record our protest against these peripatetic Conferences. The spectacle of a nomadic Ministry wandering over Europe is quite ridiculous. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans is now in Paris trying to set the trade of the world right. The sooner the politicians learn that, whilst they are powerful to do injury to trade, they are powerless to do it any good, the better. Their proper sphere is politics and not industry. If it were industry then we should be wise to have a purely business Government. Under such a system we should at any rate be sure that those who were talking industry would understand what they were talking about. The nearer politics get to industry the more probable it becomes, not that politics will capture industry, but that industry will capture politics—if it has not already done so. All Sir Laming Worthington-Evans can hope to do in Paris is to set up another trust monopoly. If commerce be left to itself and be emancipated from all extraneous influences and controls whatsoever, it may revive. But it will never be revived by artificial respiration. We would refer our readers to Sir E. Mackay Edgar's article on another page.

The question of the hour is whether the present friendly union between Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Winston Churchill shall continue or give way to a friendly opposition. In the event of Mr. Lloyd George falling too sick to continue in office, the possibility of a split between the Liberal and Unionist Coalition wings will have to be considered. The Lord Chancellor has done such successful spade work amongst his own party that Lords Salisbury and Midleton have already been left far behind. Lord Carson is also removed as a potential leader. Lord Long is out of politics. Mr. Austen Chamberlain can only be a stop-gap. There is no one in the way, and Lord Birkenhead is already leader of the party *de jure*, if not *de facto*. His friendship with Mr. Winston Churchill

remains close, but where the fulfilment of so great an ambition as the Premiership is concerned it is doubtful whether a person of Mr. Churchill's dynamic force would give way to a younger man whose career he has been influential in forming. The Lord Chancellor owes his Privy Councillorship, his appointment as Solicitor-General, his advance to the Attorney-Generalship, and onwards, to Mr. Churchill's advocacy. But in those days he was not considered a serious rival. Will Mr. Churchill make the supreme sacrifice? We think not.

Electors will be wise to keep in mind the names of those gentlemen who are making themselves ridiculous on the Theatres and Music Halls Committee of the London County Council. Not content with their ban on the Midnight Follies and their inept regulations generally, they are now trying to discover some means whereby they may prevent children under sixteen attending cinematograph performances except in the company of a parent or guardian. Have they thought out the logical implications of their fatuous proposals? If the children are not allowed to go to cinemas they will be driven on to the streets and will presumably be spending their pocket-money on buying "penny dreadfuls," newspapers and other kinds of mental poison. If these places of amusement are to be reserved for adults, adult public opinion will cease to demand that they should preserve a standard of decency fit for the eyes of any member of the population, man, woman, or child. The logical corollary of the new proposal is to remove the cinema from the healthy influences of responsible public opinion.

The resignation by M. Philippe Berthelot of his position as Secretary-General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in France is an event of considerable importance. By his talents and still more by his extraordinary power of hard work he built up for himself a commanding place in French diplomacy, and for some years past has been the real director of the foreign policy of France. His brother was at the head of the Banque Industrielle de Chine, which collapsed some months ago, and it was alleged that he had used his influence to assist the bank. On this ground a violent campaign had been carried on against him and it gradually undermined his authority. But we are not particularly concerned with the circumstances that led to his resignation. We note, however, that as the man responsible far more than any other for French policy, especially since the Armistice, M. Berthelot cannot be looked on as a friend of Britain or of the Empire. It is possible, therefore, that his disappearance from the Quai d'Orsay may lead to somewhat better relations between France and England.

We note that the *Times* correspondent at Peking has had an interview with the redoubtable Chang Tso-lin, super-Tuchun of Manchuria, who has succeeded after some trouble in forming a Government with which he can work. The new Cabinet, which has been approved by the President, has as its Premier Liang Shih-yi, Dr. Wu Yen, who had been temporarily acting in that capacity, again becoming Foreign Minister. In the interview Chang set forth his ideas on China and its current politics. He is not in favour of coming to terms with Dr. Sun Yat-sen and the Southern faction, and he expressed his conviction that a strong central Government was necessary—by which he meant a Government that would be subject to the North, and primarily to himself. The correspondent states that Chang evidently believes in the use of force for the establishment of such a Government, but says that after its establishment he would be prepared to allow Parliament to draft a Constitution better suited than the existing one to the disposition of the Chinese people. All this does not promise well for the political unification of China, but the genuine solidarity of the Chinese race, to which we allude elsewhere, must in the long run assert itself as the dominating factor.

In referring to the Near East, we have more than once expressed the view that Mustafa Kemal Pasha and the Angora Assembly must be regarded as the real representatives of Turkey. In a recent speech in the Assembly Mustafa openly proclaimed his Government as the Government of Turkey. He also stated that he had no intention of remaining for ever at Angora, but meant to go to Constantinople, when he would take care that the power of the Sultan would be limited in accordance with the principles of popular government as expressed in the Assembly. He declared that the Sultan had established a purely absolutist regime and had thrown Mustafa and his comrades into the streets. Sultans, he said, must not be permitted to abuse their sovereignty. We wonder what the All-India Caliphate Congress thinks of such talk. The Conference of the British, French, and Italian Foreign Ministers on the Near East is to take place in Paris in the second week of January, and we hope it will get to business without delay.

In 1879 there was a "war of the Pacific"—a war between Chile and Peru, which the former won. Under the peace treaty Chile received the province of Tarapaca, and was given the right to occupy for ten years the provinces of Tacna and Arica. At the end of the ten years a plebiscite was to be held to determine whether the people of these two provinces preferred to be Chilean or Peruvian, but there was no such plebiscite. On one excuse or another Chile remained in possession. Recently she suggested to Peru that the plebiscite should be held, but Peru refuses on the ground that Chile, having driven out the former population and replaced it by her own nationals, is not acting in good faith. It is not likely that the dispute will lead to war; indeed, it seems to us to be one of those things which the new Permanent Court of Justice set up by the League of Nations might very well take in hand.

We are more than glad to note fresh and very encouraging signs and portents of the return to sanity. Among these are the meetings of business men here and in France for the purpose of considering the deeply serious economic problems of the time. There is also the suggestion that some proposal will be submitted at Cannes for the holding of a European Conference to discuss the whole economic situation. This suggestion goes so far as to include Germany and even Russia in the Conference, though it can hardly be expected that France will not raise some objections. The supreme question really is, Why should Germany and Russia be excluded from such a conference? Can there be any proper consideration of the economic situation of Europe without them? Is there a Europe without them? Of course there is not. This is the simple truth, and we wish it were more widely recognised than it is. According to the *Times*, it is stated on good authority that the British and the French Prime Ministers have decided in principle to invite two leading members of the Soviet Government to London to review the position. It is known that the Soviet, as guided by Lenin, is mending its ways. And as we can see no probability of the formation of a different kind of government for a long time to come in Russia, it is with the Soviet that we must deal.

The question of submarines has threatened to wreck the Washington Conference. As our readers are aware, our irreverent view is that this would not be the frightful calamity our Press in general appears to consider it must be. Of all the weapons of sea war the submarine is the most difficult to control, and its use, as the record of the U-boats demonstrated, is liable to the most appalling abuse. It was passing strange that a disarmament conference called by the American Government should have had put before it by that very Government a proposal not only for retaining the submarine but for what was practically the multiplication of submarines. How different was the British pro-

posal that the submarine should be outlawed altogether—and this backed up by the offer to scrap every British submarine, though the British submarine fleet is far ahead of any other! No doubt America had modified her attitude on this matter. But we would direct attention to the fact that the American Government which preceded that of Mr. Harding pointed out in 1915 that submarines could not be employed for the destruction of commerce "without disregarding those rules of fairness, reason, justice and humanity which all modern opinion regards as imperative."

The Prince's tour in India proceeds as prosperously as might be expected in the circumstances. If the boycott was a success at Allahabad, it was a failure at Benares and Patna. Although the great majority of the natives did not on Saturday last acclaim the first appearance of the Prince at Calcutta, it is apparent that their attitude towards him changed very much subsequently; on the race course on Monday he was enthusiastically cheered by large multitudes of Indians. For all this, it is yet true that the Gandhi non-co-operators and other seditious organizations have shown that they are to be reckoned with very seriously. We have never been in any doubt of this. They were allowed far too much of a start, and the results are obvious. The situation has to be faced with firmness and justice. Terrorism and intimidation must be rigorously suppressed by arresting and punishing those guilty of such methods—this is the line Lord Reading is at last taking, and we trust he will continue to take it. We observed with satisfaction that he pronounced against a round-table conference with the malcontents and rebels. There are meetings at Ahmedabad the Indian National Congress and the All-India Caliphate Congress, and the activities there of Gandhi and his friends should be closely watched.

In Egypt as in India it is the firm hand that is needed—that is the sole authority that Orientals recognize in their heart of hearts, whatever may be said of their political and other attitudes. Zaghlul and some lesser agitators have been arrested. Riots and disturbances have taken place, and there is naturally much unrest because hopes were excited of an independence that is impossible of realisation. As we go to press the state of affairs in Egypt, thanks to the strong measures of Lord Allenby under martial law, is quieter than it was a week ago, and though further outbreaks and outrages may be anticipated, we have no reason to doubt that "the situation generally is well in hand." There is one point, however, that we wish to make. Enough prominence has not been given to the concessions to Egypt, and of the declared intention of affording the Egyptians wider opportunities of showing their administrative capacity. It is worthy of remark, too, that some of our papers are rendering Lord Allenby's task all the harder by publishing articles pandering to extreme Egyptian sentiment which are eagerly reproduced in Egypt and do mischief. To encourage the Moderates in every way ought to be the effort.

Presumably the "slack season" is responsible for the special prominence given by the *Times* on Christmas Eve to an unpublished letter of R. L. Stevenson's, which was honoured with a half-column article by Sir Sidney Colvin on the leader page, and by a facsimile of the original elsewhere. The letter is quite a lively one, and it is amusing enough to find Stevenson—on the strength of owing a friend some forty francs—describing himself as "a Devil Incarnate, an Unrepentant Bilk and Bandit, a Man who lacks but the opportunity to Ruin Empires." But the letter is really quite a trivial one, and by no means the best example of his lighter epistolary style. And, moreover, it is no exaggeration to say that dozens of letters of as much interest, written by writers as great as, or greater than, Stevenson pass through the London and New York auction rooms and bookshops every year, un-honoured and unsung.

THE GREAT REACTION

THE year 1922 finds England at the beginning of one of the greatest reactions in political history. The reaction is coming—the process has already begun—because the taxpayer and the ratepayer can no longer pay the price for the luxury of being restricted, annoyed, policed and invigilated, in every phase of their lives. The atmosphere of pending millenia in which the politician thrives is becoming rarified. Since the passing of the first Reform Bill the politician has been leading an amphibious existence, appearing now on the surface of politics and now reclining with equal ease on the shores of social reform or the rocks of economics. At last he begins to realise that his lungs are not adjusted to an air in which so little oxygen is left, and if he would survive he must plunge again into the seas of politics—he must withdraw into his natural element.

The reaction falls with peculiar appropriateness at this juncture when the whole orientation of parties must be recast. Now is the opportunity to see that they be recast in a political mould. The amphibious politician must die in the New Year. With the last of the great dividing issues removed by the prospective settlement with Ireland there has never been so good an opportunity to readjust our political perspective. This opportunity must not be in vain. We are a people remarkable for the individuality of our citizens; yet the whole course and tenour of our recent legislation has run counter to those characteristics, and our ministers, following Continental models, have sought to indoctrinate the men and women of this country with the belief that every responsibility which nature has cast upon them for the maintenance of their own health, for the feeding and education of their own children, for provision for their old age, for protection in prosperous times against periods of depression, can be shouldered upon a divinely anointed State. We have seen that it is not so. We are in the depths of disillusionment. The past year has been remarkable for the most dangerous and sweeping onslaught that has ever been made upon our liberties. It is the vice of State action that no logical limits can be set to it, and in the past few months the contagion has swept over the country like a Black Death. The police force has exceeded its natural boundaries, whose delimitation is the preservation of order, and has encroached upon the moral sphere. In the matter of restrictions upon drink, the declared intentions of Parliament have been overridden by bodies of licensing justices whose origins date from Tudor times. The Theatres and Music Halls' Committee of the London County Council has shown itself in no sense disposed to be outdone by its central prototype. Having laid down an indefensible prescription that no entertainment can be held outside a music hall or theatre in which the performers number more than six, it has announced its intention of relieving parents of their responsibility in the matter of the cinematograph performances which their children may visit.

It is only recently that the last and most unwholesome of the provisions of D.O.R.A. has been dropped, and that a box of chocolates can be purchased in a place of entertainment after eight o'clock. But it is still, for the most inexplicable of reasons, not possible to purchase cigarettes or tobacco after the curfew has sounded.

This is the year which we are leaving. The skein of red tape which is wound around our limbs has been purchased with the money of the taxpayer and the ratepayer. And if the source of supply is now dried up, it will not be in vain if pause is given thereby to the community to consider what the meaning of politics is. It is imperative that some sane political theory should henceforward guide us in our Statecraft. It is time to think out the meaning of the State again. It is time to reconsider the functions of government, to take our political bearings once more, to look at the

compass instead of looking at the stars, to recover what we have lost. Alone amongst all the newspapers of this country, and unsupported and unreinforced by any statesman whatsoever, we have put forward such a theory, or, rather, we have disinterred the most ancient of all our political theories and endeavoured in the appropriate setting of new times to re-humanize, re-vivify, re-animate, and re-inspire it with a fresh life. From the ruins of the past year must arise a body of men with the courage to tell the voters that no outside agency, however munificent it may be with other people's money, can remove from a mother duties which nature herself has imposed upon her, nor relieve a father from the obligations towards his children which it is his very instinct to fulfil. With equal frankness the wage-earner must be told that the thousand-and-one benefits which are conferred upon him by the State are purchased by the money which would otherwise be paid to him in wages. The virus of the false notions which have been injected by the politician into the veins of the community must, in this New Year, be treated with an antidote.

Our first and foremost duty is to set our own political house in order. We must revise the methods of our housekeeping. That does not merely mean cutting down haphazard the staff of servants, military, naval, and civil, but formulating a clear conception of what the nation must have from the State. And the nation must have from the State only those things which it cannot get in any other way. This involves a radical change in the point of view of social reform as a historical political creed. If we can do this, we shall have revived the whole of our politics. We must make our own citizens self-dependent once again, not by relieving those small voluntary communities, in which they co-operate naturally, of their functions, but encouraging them to perform them, by fostering the restoration of the corporate sense. Herein lies the greatest of all political secrets. Men have done in the past, and will do again in voluntary combination, all that the needs of the community demand more efficiently than any dehumanized central administration. This is in our own view the policy that will serve us best, and we shall endeavour to indicate the alternatives to State action in regard to such functions as education, insurance, and those other necessities of our communal existence which are at present provided for—badly—by the State. Lastly, we must recover the traditions of our Civil Service, the greatest and cleanest of our national institutions. We must purge it of the hosts of adventurous State actionaries and busybodies who have their claws deep in the flesh of the national life. We must have a democratic government once again. This is a determination which will, if we mistake not, play its part in the rebuilding of our political life. It is due to us to see that the reaction is not merely a change of mood, but a change of heart.

WHAT IS CHINA?

THE Chinese are by far the greatest of the peoples of Asia, and China still remains in many respects the most wonderful country in the world. Although our public are preoccupied with so many pressing matters nearer home they would doubtless take a much keener interest in China than they do if they were provided with a better and more continuous news service by our Press. The want of any adequate service is not caused by a lack of competent British journalists in China, for there are a number of excellent papers in English, published in Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai and elsewhere, from whose staffs, well in touch with everything of importance going on in most parts of the Republic, first-rate correspondents may be secured. As things are, messages from "Our Own" correspondents appear spasmodically, and the intervals between the spasms are often so wide that all sense of the significance and inter-relation of events is completely lost.

From this sort of intermittency China has suffered and suffers far more than any other country. And thus it is that when the public are told of exciting incidents and episodes, and of the rivalries of the Tutchuns, in China, they are all too prone to forget that these happenings and these men should be seen against a background such as is to be found nowhere else on the globe—a tremendous territory combined with a vast yet homogeneous population knit together by the most ancient of existing civilizations. Any book on geography will state that if to China proper and Manchuria there are added Mongolia and the other dependencies of the old Chinese Empire, the area and population of China are larger than those of Europe. But these facts and their implications are also apt to be forgotten. A phrase that was current not so long ago was the "break-up of China," and if to some extent China may be said to be broken up, as by the struggle between the North and the South and the proclamation of their independence by some of her provinces, the Chinese as a people do not break up. The fundamental feature of the situation is the genuine solidarity of the Chinese race, which, it is well to remember, is not a dwindling but an ever-increasing race.

We see no sign as yet of its being understood, but probably the most real, impressive, and in a very true sense formidable thing at or about the Washington Conference is the exhibition of this solidarity of the Chinese race. The Chinese representatives at Washington are men of Western learning as well as of the immemorial culture of China. Like the representatives of some other peoples they have been lectured, told how to behave, and threatened—politely, of course—"for their own good." But special objection was taken to them by some at the Conference on the ground that they were not representatives truly of all China, but only of the Peking Government. This objection might seem to acquire fresh point from the sudden and summary changes in that Government which took place a fortnight ago at the instance of Chang Tso-lin, the super-Tuchun of Manchuria. Since it is alleged in some quarters that Manchuria is not Chinese it may be noted here in passing that that region has been administered as an integral part of China since 1644, and contains some 20 millions of the Chinese people, with other nationals relatively nowhere, in spite of all the efforts of the Japanese and their greedy, clutching hold of the railway. Now Chang had dealt suddenly and summarily with certain members of the Peking Government before, but the President, Hsu Shih-Chang, remained President, and as all changes in the Cabinet are made in his name the Government did not cease to carry on. It was before these last changes had occurred, however, that the Chinese delegates at Washington were charged with being representatives not of all China, but of the Peking Government alone.

It was easy enough for them to reply that they were at Washington as the representatives of the Government to whom the invitation to the Conference had been sent by President Harding. But further they made it evident that they did speak for all China, and manifested to all the world the solidarity of their race. Very early in the Conference, then sitting as a Committee on the Pacific and Far Eastern questions, Mr. Sze, Chinese Minister at Washington and previously at London, delivered a remarkable speech in which it is abundantly clear that his voice is so much the voice of all China that it is perfectly safe to state that there is not a Chinaman who does not agree with everything he said. He demanded that China should have every possible opportunity to develop her political institutions in accordance with the genius and needs of her own people. While admitting that she was contending with certain difficult problems, by which he meant the present political and financial disorganisation of the country, he maintained that such a state of things was inevitable in any land that had made such a radical change in its form of government as China had done in 1911 when she overthrew the

monarchy and turned herself into a republic. But it was when he went on to propose some general principles for consideration and adoption by the Conference that he unquestionably expressed the aspirations and desires of the whole Chinese people. Ten in number, these principles came to be styled the Ten Points.

These Points may be thus summarised: Complete respect for and observance of the territorial integrity and political and administrative independence of China, who for her part undertakes not to alienate or lease any portion of her area; the Open Door; China to be a party to all treaties concerning herself or general peace in the Pacific or Far East; all rights, privileges, immunities or commitments relating to China to be declared and examined in order to determine their validity, and if valid to be harmonised one with another and the principles declared by the Conference; existing limitations on the freedom of Chinese political and administrative jurisdiction to be abolished as soon as possible; reasonable and definite terms of duration to be assigned to present commitments in China in cases where they are not now subject to time limits. In brief, they formed a statement by the chief speaker at Washington of the Chinese race of China's wish to be mistress in her own house, while at the same time not shutting its doors on any who had right of entry.

Among other things the statement meant the abrogation of the treaties between China and Japan based on the notorious Twenty-one Demands, the withdrawal from Shantung of Japan, the insistence on the Sovereignty of China over Manchuria, and the termination of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Its sweeping character made those most interested in opposing it raise the question, What is China? Now, every Chinaman answers that question in one and the same way: at the very least, China is the China that existed before the war. So far China has not got much satisfaction out of the Conference—so little, in fact, that some members of her Delegation, though not the principal ones, have resigned as a protest. The report that the whole Delegation would withdraw proved to be unfounded. What it did obtain from the Committee on the Pacific and Far East questions was a series of four resolutions, which were agreed to and signed by eight Powers, and the appointment of a sub-committee to discuss the limitations on the administrative autonomy of China, with particular reference to those connected with revenue. The resolutions were: To respect the sovereignty, independence, and territorial and administrative integrity of China; to provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity for China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable Government; to use influence for effectually establishing and maintaining the principle of the open door; to refrain from taking advantage of present conditions to seek special rights or privileges which would abridge the rights of subjects or citizens of friendly States, and from countenancing action inimical to the security of such States.

Remembering that much the same fine language in the Anglo-Japanese treaties had not prevented Japan from presenting the Twenty-one Demands to China, or the Allies from making during the war secret agreements about Shantung in favour of Japan, the Chinese people noted these resolutions with decided coolness, and waited to see how they would be applied. The sub-committee advised concessions to China concerning the foreign post-offices, extra-territoriality, and the tariff. No real progress was made, however, on the dominating question of Shantung and none at all regarding Manchuria. But the most significant expression of the opinion of China came last week when the Chinese Delegation publicly stated that unless the Twenty-one Demands are cancelled the principles adopted by the Washington Conference amount to "nothing more than a scrap of paper." In these circumstances it may be doubted whether the Nine Power Pact respecting the mainland of Asia which is said to be contemplated is likely to be acceptable to China.

A BLACK YEAR

BY SIR E. MACKAY EDGAR

WHEN 1921 began men tried to take heart from the reflection that at any rate it could not be worse than 1920. They were wrong; it was much worse. It has been for business men of whatever kind the blackest year within living memory. Yet it opened with some glimmerings of light that might, but for human folly and violence, have developed into positive sunshine. There were at least four indications of better times. The first was a rapid and world-wide fall in prices. A vast process of liquidation, of striking out, of readjustment was clearly going on everywhere. It was affecting the prices of all commodities and of all products and raw materials. It was deranging all business transactions. Inevitably it meant heavy losses and even disaster to thousands of individuals in all parts of the world. But one was able to console oneself with the faith that it was a necessary and wholesome process, and that it would work its own cure by stimulating purchases and restarting manufacturing activity on a new and chastened basis. The demand which had been killed by high prices would, one argued, be revived by lower prices.

The second good omen—or so it seemed—was that throughout Great Britain the relations between Capital and Labour appeared to be improving. The employers had learned the lesson that excessive profits snatched at during a boom have always to be paid for later on. The working men were beginning to see that excessive wages bring with them in the long run the inexorable penalty of industrial stoppage and unemployment. Both employers and employed had had their fling and both were paying for it in a loss of profits and of wages. It looked as though 1921 would witness a movement on both sides towards reason, co-operation and some appreciation of economic facts. A third cause for hopefulness was that the cry for Governmental thrift had taken a firm hold of the country and had begun to produce some definite reactions on Ministers and private members alike. The fourth ground for believing that we had about touched bottom was the certainty that the Excess Profits Duty—the blindest and most destructive tax that ever hamstrung the wealth-creating energies of a country—would disappear from the Budget.

Moreover it seemed pretty clear at the beginning of 1921 that British industry was escaping the greatest peril that ever has or ever could confront it—the peril of nationalisation. There were two calamities I had long dreaded as part of the conceivable aftermath of the war. One was that Protection might come in. The other was that the Bureaucracy might not go out. The most horrible fate with which this country could be visited would be the simultaneous infliction of both evils. We should then have a Tariff perpetuating whatever is least enterprising and efficient in our industrial practice and an army of officials meddling with and muddling all our business activities. But as one took stock of the situation twelve months ago it appeared fairly evident that shipping, the coal mines, the railways and agriculture were not going to be run on any system of State ownership or operation. The common sense of the country had asserted itself and the freedom of industrial enterprise was well on the way to being re-established.

But all hopes of better times went to pieces when the coal strike began in April. After the moulders' strike which knocked the engineering trades sideways and the joiners' strike which paralysed shipbuilding, came the coal strike damping down everything. The spectacle Great Britain presented throughout most of 1921 was that of a nation, on the morrow of the most glorious effort in its history, attempting not once or twice, but repeatedly, to commit suicide. But even the mad calamity of the coal stoppage had its compensations. It showed that Great Britain had no intention of going Bolshevik, that an overwhelming force

could be mobilised to defeat any attempt to Sovietise this country, and that the revolutionary elements, if stood up to with firmness, would always back down.

Furthermore the coal strike helped to rub in some of the elementary axioms of economics—as, for example, that you cannot regulate wages by the cost of living if the result is to produce a commodity which cannot be sold at a profit; that you cannot take more out of an industry than it contains; that shorter hours, diminished output and higher wages are the quickest of all known roads to unemployment; that production is a futile waste of time unless you can market the product; and that whether or no you can do this depends very largely on the competition you have to meet abroad. All these axioms needed to enter the common consciousness before there was a chance of our making real headway. All of them were enforced by the coal strike with a power beyond that of any abstract propaganda. The nation for the past nine months has been engaged in the painful but salutary process of assimilating economic truth through its stomach.

If there is one thing that is indisputable it is that Labour agitation, Labour policy and Labour doctrines since the Armistice have very greatly contributed to the present stress of stagnation and unemployment. At the same time the Government cannot evade all the responsibility. It entirely failed to understand that when the war was over the supreme national need was to get business going again; and that for this purpose official expenditure should be cut in every direction, taxation made as light as possible, and all the avenues of trade thrown freely open. So far from these things happening, taxation was piled up and aimed directly at industry; the sources from which alone new wealth could be created were blocked and curtailed by official order; departmental extravagance ran riot at home as much as in Mesopotamia; policies were initiated, persevered with for a few months, and then scrapped, without the least regard to cost; the war-born bureaucracy clung to its control over industry with a tenacity which even now has not been finally overcome; and, worst of all, Protection was resorted to just at the very moment when every necessity of the situation called for the utmost freedom of commercial intercourse.

The result of all this has been that business men have been engaged in an even harder struggle with their own Government than with their foreign competitors or with the stubborn short-sightedness of Labour. They have been set to make bricks without straw; the springs of credit have dried up; and the capital needed to extend operations has been annexed by the Treasury. A restriction of enterprise has thus been forced upon them by the badness of the Government's policy both at home and abroad; and the question for 1922 is simply whether this policy is going to be abandoned or maintained.

Is the Government in the New Year to hamper industry or to help it? Are we to see more fantastic experiments like the German Reparations (Recovery) Bill? Is that pernicious measure, the Safeguarding of Industries Bill, to be taken as a model for the sort of legislation we may expect? Are we to continue the policy of putting Germany out of business, ruining one of our best customers, and hurrying all Europe towards a complete financial and commercial collapse? Are we to keep up the present scale of taxation on industry in order to support the Labour Ministry, the Ministry of Transport, doles for unemployment, schemes for creating new worlds, and other luxuries of legislative leisure?

At this moment British commerce is flat on its back. If you watch it closely you will see an occasional wriggle that betokens returning consciousness and the desire to be up and doing. A number of forces are at work helping it to struggle to its feet. But of what use is the effort if, the moment it succeeds in staggering groggily into something almost resembling an upright position, it is at once set upon and sandbagged by the Government? Leave industry alone; revive the purchasing power of Germany by a very drastic modification or the

complete abandonment of the reparations policy; cut down the Estimates by at least £200,000,000 and ease the burden on enterprise; and above all let trade flow freely between country and country without any bureaucratic interference—these are the prescriptions for the recovery of British prosperity. If they are observed at once and faithfully things may gradually right themselves. If they are disregarded 1922 may be even blacker than 1921.

OLD S—

BY JEHU

OLD S—, the famous veterinary surgeon of Hull, was the finest horseman of my time. In appearance he was a composition of Coquelin and Lord Lonsdale. He had the comedian's "tilted sensitive nose, which seemed to flick like a terrier's." He was an artist in the sense that he loved the Yorkshire moors, of which every blade of grass prated to him of the horse's whereabouts. He was a horseman in the sense that he would rather have driven all day over these Yorkshire moors in heavy weather to mend a pair of damaged forelegs, than pass in luxurious review the ancient statuary of Italy. He wore a roundish bowler hat and brown cloth gaiters. Between them a stone-coloured Melton overcoat. This had eight buttons in mother-of-pearl, the size of half-crowns, enlivened by representations of steeple-chasing, tandem-driving, coaching, the death of Reynard, duck-shooting, coursing, the Hackney mare Bounce, and her son, Gentleman John. There was about old S— something of the horse-dealer in the print 'Messrs. Screwdriver and Reardone's Opinions concerning "The Prize," own brother to "Lottery," on the first of May, 1841,' a copy of which hung with its fellow in his front parlour. You know the old picture—the yard, the dealer all geniality, the customer all simpleness, the ostler who might have stood for a model of Fagin, the tight old groom cleaning a bridle, the rude little boy pulling bacon, the screw himself, ears well back, tail set up, every inch a rogue. Underneath, the legend:

There's a hoss, Mr. Green. Only feel them legs, sir. Six years old, never did a day's work in his life, up to twenty stone, thoroughbred as Eclipse, and can gallop like a pony. I gave two hundred for him at Rugely last week, and old Andrews wished he might be damned if he warn't the cheapest nag in the fair. He offered me twenty pound for the buying on him, to carry a werry good customer of his'n, the Hemperor of Russia, a heavy man, but I knows he'd suit you, Mr. Green. If you gives me two hundred and fifty, and takes and rides him as I knows you will ride him, I'll pound it the Herl of P— sends you a cheque for five hundred for him the first day the Queen goes down into the grass below Harrow.

And then the fellow-print: 'Messrs. Screwdriver and Reardone's Opinions concerning "The Prize," own brother to "Lottery," the property of James Green, Esquire, on the first of October, 1841.'

So he is, Mr. Green, a useful animal, very. But lord, Sir, only just look in my stables, full as ever they can hold. I haven't sold a hoss these two months. . . . However, Mr. Green, to oblige you I'll take him at harness price—thirty pounds—if you'll warrant him. Mind, I said pounds, not not guineas.

It is recorded of old S— that in a deal with one of his cronies he swopped a cottage piano for a brood mare. But when the mare arrived she turned out to be not the agreed animal but a substitute, poor, stale as a bone, herring-gutted. Whereupon S— took the works out of his piano and despatched the empty case. Some little time afterwards the substituter of the mare bought from S— a harness gelding which, on arrival, turned out to be an aged stud-horse. To the laconic telegram: "Your gelding is a stallion," old S— replied: "I know, and so was his father before him."

Perhaps the best animal S— ever owned was the Hackney mare Bounce. She was bought as a two-year-old for one hundred and twenty pounds from George Wakefield, farmer and horse-breeder of Messingham, Lincs., turned away and brought up again as a three-year-old. And then, as the old gentleman used

to say: "Nobody could mak' nowt on her. She wouldn't hev it. She broke all her harness, and the only man as ever tried to get on her that day never tried again." So into the char-à-banc she had to go, a char-à-banc in those times being a "numb" thing, in the pin of which a refractory animal could hurt neither itself, its neighbours, nor its driver. Bounce was put into the pin and driven with a load of trippers from Hull to Bridlington, a distance of thirty-four miles, and back again. At Driffeld, on the return journey, or fifteen miles from home, she "gave in." During the whole of that day she had refused food, and now took an oatmeal drench with as ill-grace as any hunger-striker. Next morning her legs were like millposts, and generally she was very sorry for herself. This was the mood old S— was waiting for. He put a saddle and bridle on her and she carried him quietly. The same night he drove the mare in single harness on his round, and for several weeks afterwards she did her eight or ten hours on the road. She was no "hollow-pampered jade of Asia which cannot go but thirty miles a day." Next she was sold for two hundred guineas to B—, a London dealer, who passed her on to a young lord for three hundred. Presently going through a shop window in Piccadilly, she was again for sale. B— wrote to S—, who went up to London, ostensibly a country customer. In an interview with the young swell S— said that, to look at, she seemed a "nicesh" mare, and a "good sort." He asked whether this had happened before, how long she had been in her present ownership, whether she had ever been ridden, who bred her—the usual mystifications of the dealer buying back his own. Finally, if his lordship, who was asking two hundred guineas, cared to send the mare on at twenty-seven pounds—not guineas—and would warrant her, his lordship could do so. His lordship did.

On her return to Hull she did all S—'s veterinary rounds, together with the work of the fire-brigade and the job-yard. She was exhibited at shows all over the country, and on her last public appearance carried off the championship at the Great Lincolnshire. Retired to the stud she bred seventeen foals, including the famous Gentleman John, perhaps the most beautiful Hackney stallion which ever set foot in a show-yard.

But this was all some time ago. A visit to the old farm which has now changed hands, is not without melancholy. Young S— it was who took me over recently, and proudly showed me the stone boxes with their tenants' names over the door and their effigies carved on the lintel. Here is Bounce's box, next Gentleman John's, here Tip-top's, Topper's, Merlin's. Let into the wall is a tablet in white stone, marking the spot where Bounce lies buried. It bears the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF THE HACKNEY MARE,

Bounce, H.S.B. No. 36

A mare they called Bounce in this grave lies at rest, She's left stock behind her of the very best. She was over fifteen hands high and her colour dark brown, A brood mare or in harness in the show-ring well known. Her last record in the show-ring to end her show career When she was fourteen years of age she won the great Lincolnshire.

And she was plucky to the last with her action fresh and free The time she reigned upon this earth was thirty years and three.

The poet is one Northard of Reedness, Goole. I know of no other works of his.

'SATURDAY' DINNERS

II. AT THE CARLTON

GASTRONOMIC criticism ought to allow for the difference between a restaurant existing solely for the pleasure of epicures and a restaurant attached to a fashionable hotel. The management of the one may plan without thought of anything but culinary success; those responsible for the other must take some heed of hotel customers, more concerned for luxury of accommodation than for excellence of fare, and of visi-

tors who come to see each other, to listen to music, to dance, and only quite incidentally to dine. Compromise between ideals and public demands will be a sin for the independent restaurant, but is inevitable for the restaurant of a hotel. The Carlton, on the whole, has known under M. Escoffier and now under M. Mailley how to minimize concessions to the taste of the public that aims at "doing itself well" rather than at dining in the serious sense of the word. We observe, however, that M. Escoffier's strong dislike, entirely shared by us, to *hors d'œuvres* at dinner, except for the convenience of waiting à la carte diners, has not prevailed over the wishes of customers, and that M. Mailley, even when allowed an entirely free hand, prefaces a special dinner with *hors d'œuvres*. Those put before us the other night, though otherwise good, were of an alarming richness, and richness without adequate relief slightly marred a dinner better in its items than as a composition.

Here is the menu prepared for us, including a dish very recently invented to form one of a series in which the author of the 'Physiologie du Goût' is honoured:

Hors d'œuvres Muscovite
Petite Marmite Bourgeoise
Suprême de Sole Princesse Mary
Bécasse Brillat Savarin
Pommes Mignonette
Soufflé Palmyre
Cerises Flambées Maraschino
Friandises

Petite Marmite, for reasons beyond us, seems to be not only in favour for dinners of the first order but in a fair way to becoming indispensable. As served at the Carlton, with a little pâte afloat in it and some well-flavoured raspings, it would be welcome indeed at a family dinner, but neither in that form or any other can it be deemed by us a satisfactory introduction to an epicurean repast. It cannot be too often said to those who would dine discreetly that, if the succeeding courses are to be rich, the soup should be simple, delicate and served in small quantities. The circumstances require it to be a stimulant of appetite, a preparer of the palate, not a sublime substitute for the life-saving combination of food and drink which philanthropy dispenses to the starving on winter nights.

Complete contrast was provided by the fish. There are certain wines very highly prized by us, notably certain Burgundies, which retain to the full the general flavour of their class and superimpose on that their idiosyncrasy. The difference in such wines does not abolish or weaken, may even seem to strengthen, their basic resemblance to the family to which they belong; it is pure gain. Of such wines only would we say that they had style, for in them is solved that problem of variety in monotony, of novelty without sacrifice of tradition, which is the problem of style in the arts. Now no food, however good in material and artfully prepared, can ever attain to the subtlety of choice wine, but in a humbler way the fish of this Carlton dinner had something of the merit we have indicated. It was of its class, that large class of poached fillet of sole served with much reduced and thickened poaching liquor, and it had its own clearly perceptible but not over-emphasized taste. A rich dish, and therefore not altogether happily followed by the woodcock *Brillat Savarin*, which is certainly an invention worthy of the great gourmet whose name has been given it, but which, as served to us, was better in the complicated garnish than in the bird itself. We suspect that woodcock of not having been high enough; at any rate it failed to make its characteristic flavour well felt through the flavour of the garnish. The sweet was a very good and light variant of the ordinary *Soufflé Palmyre*, the chef having subdued the *Brisette* and *Kirsch* flavour of this entremet as usually encountered and relied on the accompanying cherries and *Maraschino* of his own formula.

The bill for this dinner was:—*Couvert*, 2s.; *Hors d'œuvres*, 3s.; *Potage*, 5s.; *Sole*, 7s.; *Bécasse*, 12s. 6d.; *Pommes de Terre*, 2s.; *Soufflé*, 6s. A total of £1

17s. 6d., with the soup as the only item for which the charge, by the standards of superior restaurants, can be considered high. As for wine, on this occasion a cocktail was allowed to prelude dinner, though it is doubtful whether appetite really can be excited by such means; nothing was drunk with the fish; and with the woodcock came a bottle of sound though unremarkable *Nuits*, 1916, good value at 7s. The total of the wine bill including also coffee and the liqueur brandy indicated after so rich a repast was £1 8s. od.

The Carlton has generally been fortunate in its staff, and those whose preferences are known to M. Delbo and the unforgetting Marino will usually find themselves placed and waited upon as they would wish. Certain methods of service cannot fairly be credited to the Carlton, for they were originated long ago by M. Escoffier at the Savoy, but they are none the less appreciated by customers. Certain other methods, and an occasional excess of speed where it is not required, come of the fact that the restaurant is attached to the hotel and partly frequented by people to whom dinner is an incident. The diner who, himself not punctual to the minute, expects everything to be exactly ready for him, encourages an anticipation of his wishes which may be intelligent but is not conducive to the very best results. A special dinner ordered in advance always puts the Carlton kitchen on its mettle, and we recall with pleasure one of our origination a good many months ago in which, with *Sole Véronique* and a fruit entremet given to M. Mailley as fixing its general character, he surpassed himself. It would appear that, without some such indication, the dinner may suffer a little from his desire to include specialities admirable in themselves but in combination rather trying to an austere taste. Had we been called upon to amend this dinner, we should have deleted the *hors d'œuvres*, selected a soup more likely to awaken appetite, retained the fish and had the woodcock done more plainly.

*.The next of these articles will deal with *Romano's Restaurant*.

PRE-HISTORIC "RUGBY" FOOTBALL

THIS is the Jubilee year of the Inter-University "Rugby" football match and one of the few surviving players of the pre-historic game may be pardoned perhaps a little outbreak of reminiscence. For it was not till the early 'seventies that football became fully recognised as a game for adults. To revert to the 'sixties is of necessity to talk in terms of schools and that too of public schools, not then very numerous. Most of the old Foundations (of social significance) then played, as some do still, their special variety of what when modified became "Association." The Grammar and Day Schools, then mostly small or ill-equipped, played desultory football of various kinds not worth considering here. Now the most democratic of all games, football in the 'sixties was far more exclusive than cricket. Only gentlemen, and furthermore only quite young gentlemen, played it seriously. The proletariat never touched it, for the archaic rough-and-tumble hurley-burleys played once a year in certain villages do not count. When the young footballer went to college he bade a final adieu to his triumphs if he had won any. Unlike cricket and athletics such a record counted for absolutely nothing in his University status. An old "tag" at Cambridge had it that whenever two or three Rugbeians were gathered together they would be found discussing the date on which "Jones got his cap," a topic which seemed to outsiders of absurd unimportance and cryptic meaning. I am concerned here only with the Rugby game as I played it in various stages of boyhood through most of the 'sixties, a decade which is pre-historic to all the technical writers on football to-day, who can only deal with it vicariously. Rugby, Marlborough and Cheltenham then represented the Rugby game in overwhelming strength, being all large, well equipped and or-

ganised for football. It will be enough here, that in the first University match, nineteen of the Oxford and about half of the Cambridge XX. came from the first two schools. The first London clubs founded in the later 'sixties, such as Richmond, Blackheath, Ravenscourt Park and the Marlborough Nomads were in the main inspired by and recruited from the same sources. But to revert to the game itself—its qualities were Homeric rather than scientific. In the earlier 'sixties particularly, great crowds engaged in it, often thirty or forty aside. In House matches, when the fray was fiercest, the whole House played. Precise equity in numbers was not regarded. A smaller House, or side, where rivalry was keen, such as "Sixth and School" on "Bigside," or its equivalent, felt a sort of glory in "facing fearful odds" and sometimes made up in extra hacking what they lacked in driving force. The martial classic poets and Macaulay's 'Lays' were laid under liberal tribute by football poets in the school magazines. It was the period of frank and intense individualism. There was no "passing" of course, nor any combination to speak of. The man with the ball ran till he was laid in the mud. In the earlier 'sixties it was a point of quite unprofitable honour even then to keep the ball from actually touching the ground as long as possible, which inordinately prolonged the seething, smoking and writhing scrimmages. These were the chief blemish of the old game. Mere heavy-weights who could shove and wrestle and hack through, though bereft of any other skill, counted for too much. To see an old-time scrimmage uncoil itself was a spectacle undreamed of now, and sometimes a lengthy operation, till the bedraggled groundlings, torn and muddy, got on their feet and a general hacking-through the loose scrimmage began. But the long individual runs were sometimes a treat to behold, just as the beautiful dribbles (now a lost art) of the other schools would take their round ball betimes through a whole side.

Long-dropping was a great feature of the old game. It was admired and applauded. There was sometimes too much of it between the "backs." Punting was taboo, or at least despised. Scores of boys practised dropping diligently at the daily morning "Punt-about." There were no half-backs till about the later 'sixties. The "full-backs" had sole responsibility for defence against an opponent with the ball slipping through the massed forwards and the ruck. Several games went on simultaneously in the big "Rugby" schools, ranging down from the Upper game, distinguished by its silver-braided and tasseled velvet caps, which, with the striped jerseys of general use, lent much picturesqueness to these crowded contests. There was no compulsion, I think, anywhere, except in House matches, when wretched small boys or weaklings pushed feebly against the fringe of the scrimmage, sometimes to be pitched on top of it, or "followed-up" in futile make-believe fashion. Assuredly it was a rough game. "Hacking over," in lieu of collaring the man with the ball, legitimate below the knee, fell out of fashion in time as less effective for stopping the hard-shinned souls of those days than the less savage method. There were a great many accidents and shins got notched like blunt files. No schools played one another. Such a meeting at "Rugby" was thought out of the question. It was once tried but never repeated, the experiment proving much too sanguinary.

It was bad form for any one to kick out of touch, save in extreme cases, and the lapse was greeted with murmurs of impatience as delaying the game. There were, of course, no umpires. But "offside" was detected at once and denounced in such heated terms that the offence was rare. It carried no penalty and the play was not stopped. Only goals counted in the score; "touch-downs," unless converted, went for nothing. I must not omit the fact that through much of the 'sixties a "Rugby" pick-up game was played on certain days at both Oxford and Cambridge. But such desultory performances counted for nothing in

University life. Etonians and Harrovians too, at Cambridge, certainly indulged betimes in their own respective games, but with even less significance.

But in the 'seventies football of all kinds came on with a rush, "Rugby" much helped by the later Victorian schools, which had by then matured, and mostly played it. Their still slightly conflicting rules were modified under the "Rugby Union," and the game, shorn of its rather brutal crudities, made more suitable for adults. It gained much, but it lost something, for the few who remember it, beyond a doubt. But, then, what would you have?

A. G. B.

CANALETTO IN ENGLAND

By TANCRED BORENIUS

A COLLECTOR of very catholic taste once remarked to me that there were two artists whose works he would decline on principle to acquire as they might always be declared to be by some one else—Van Dyck and Canaletto. The host of inferior imitators who followed in his wake introduced indeed early an element of confusion into the conception of Canaletto; and little wonder that we are nowadays often at a loss to assign names to spurious Canalettos when we read how, a few years after his death, a committee of Venetian Academicians, including Canaletto's chief pupil Francesco Guardi, were unable to identify the author of two such productions submitted to them for opinion. Mystery, in fact, always seems to have surrounded Canaletto; at one moment during his visit to England, as testified by a MS. note of George Vertue's, a rumour went about that it was not the real Canaletto at all, but an impostor, who was at work in this country.

On the visit of Canaletto to England—an episode for several reasons of very great importance in the history of English painting—much welcome light has lately been shed through a paper contributed by Mrs. A. J. Finberg to the current volume of the Walpole Society. For one thing, his stay is now definitely proved to have covered a period of eight or nine years, from 1746 to 1755, with one short interval in 1750-1; a good deal has been found out about the circumstances of his life here; and most important of all, a long series of works executed by him in England have been traced with much patience and painstaking research in public and private collections. As a result, we get for the first time a clear and connected idea of a province of Canaletto's work which forms a most interesting subsidiary to his series of Venetian views, of which England also possesses such fine examples—above all, the unrivalled set at Windsor Castle originally acquired by Canaletto's early patron in Venice, the British Consul Joseph Smith.

The frequent confusion with less talented followers referred to above has done a great deal of injury to Canaletto's popular reputation. The authentic work of the master is no doubt varied both in style and artistic significance, but it is at all times distinguished by his power of combining an amazing precision and accuracy of detail with simple and effective design. It was in this respect that it set an example of the greatest consequence for the formation of the style of Thomas Girtin, who is known to have made Canaletto's work the subject of special study; and it is above all to this, and all that it implies, that is due the importance which attaches to Canaletto's position in the history of English art. As to his actual handling of oil paint, there are two distinct methods discernible in Canaletto's authentic work. One is characterized by an extraordinary broadness and looseness of touch; and as a supreme example of this class of his work—in which he defeats Guardi, as it were, on his own ground—one may point to the large 'View of Venice,' with a mason's yard in the foreground, which hangs in the National Gallery. So far as my own experience goes, supplemented by the reproductions in Mrs. Finberg's article, there is perhaps no example among the English subjects of Canaletto which

quite comes up to the standard set by this and similar works, though the magnificent 'View of the Thames from Richmond House' (1746), now at Goodwood, must be held to fall but little short of it. The other method of handling exemplified in Canaletto's works is one of very crisp, clean and at times almost calligraphic strokes and touches; it is, especially in the painting of figures, of much elegance, but tends on the whole to a somewhat mechanical effect; and of this it must be owned that a good many instances can be quoted from his English subjects. It is interesting to note that contemporary observers were not blind to this fact. It is thus expressly remarked by George Vertue (1749) that

on the whole of him something is obscure or strange, he does not produce work so well done as those of Venice or other parts of Italy which are in collections here, and done by him there, especially his figures in his works done here are apparently much inferior to those done abroad, which are surprisingly well done and with great freedom and variety—his water and his skies at no time excellent or with natural freedom, and what he has done here, his prospects of trees, woods, or handling or pencilling of that part, not various nor so skilful as might be expected.

But, even if we must make reservations, there is no question but that a great and peculiar charm attaches to Canaletto's English subjects; and it springs in the main from the manner in which his art brings an exhilaration and elegance, characteristic of the Venetian Rococo, into his treatment of the staid and more solid English material. And in many ways he was met here, of course, by cognate features: the fantastic medley of church spires that rise over the City of London has in some degree a family resemblance to Venice; if the sweep of the Thames is wider than the Grand Canal, the proportions of St. Paul's are also such as to give it a dominating position akin to S. Maria della Salute. In the hall of Ranelagh Rotunda the gay and fashionable crowd moves and flits about as in the Ridotto at Venice. An obvious literary parallel suggests itself here; and we might say that it is with much the same fascination that Rococo England is reflected on Canaletto's canvases as on the pages of his fellow-townsmen Casanova.

WHAT THE CHILDREN WANT

BY JAMES AGATE

HOW much, I wonder, of Mr. Cochran's "First Children's Pantomime," at the New Oxford Theatre, is really suited to the child-mind? *Tot homunculi, quot sententiæ*. Of two like manikins let me concede that one will be ravished by Poirer, the French dressmaker, and Stowitts, the Russian choreographer. But give me leave to think that the other may put a polite little hand before its rosy mouth. When Turgenev, who would have written a "book" after Mr. Cochran's own heart, made up fairy-stories for his little nephew and nieces, serpents and toads, it is related, issued from his lips and fell writhing and spitting upon the ground. The English child, however, is of a more stolid temperament, and prefers the plain song of a plain nurse to the fine embroideries of the artist. His pantomime story should be told as simply as possible. Its setting should be a glorification of common-place things. Children adore those old-fashioned ballets transfigurative of the familiar, of nursery mugs and platters, of personages and plates in well-known story-books, of flowers encountered in walks abroad. A mechanical change from winter to summer is worth a wilderness of Baksts and Gauguins.

You may caricature and anthropomorphize animals with impunity. The more extravagant the travesty, the more heartsome the laughter. Let him who plays the hind legs of the cow dance a human hornpipe; let his prior emulate Tishy at the starting-gate and cross a scornful leg. But let not your cubist fellow draw a house which could not possibly stand up. We who have played with bricks upon a floor know better. I

hasten to say that Messrs. Henri and Laverdet are no Dada-ists. Their scenes have beauty, but it is of a kind disquietingly post-Victorian. It is later than the children. The actors, of course, must be such as tickled parents when they were taken to the pantomime. The "principal boy" shall be a harridan infamously opulent, over-caparisoned and over-plumed. "Down the pink champagne of her chops"—to quote a Georgian poet—the ostrich feather, monstrous, droops. The "principal girl" shall be a dream of inanity, the still unravished bride of all that's dashing, yet handy with the pertness of Cockaigne. The Baron shall be the very spectre of poverty, the Dame lachrymose as a relict, yet endowed with potential skittishness. The Ugly Sisters declare the irrevocable male, the Babes are sexless as Cherub and Seraph, unemerged from pure angelhood. These things are part of the Butlerian philosophy of Unconscious Memory, and are not lightly to be denied. Not even Mr. Cochran may play tricks with heredity. A hundred years hence, when parents have really cottoned to Russian ballet, the minds of children may have become artistic. But let us not pretend that that time is here. 'Babes in the Wood' is a compromise between the traditional and the new-fangled. The story is of an admirable expectedness until a Maeterlinckian spell turns the children into adolescents, when, of course, they lose interest. The dialogue is capital; there is not a joke beyond childish grasp. Like that matrimonially inclined Frenchwoman who advertised in a catalogue of her charms "pas de piano," Mr. Cochran might justifiably notify parents "pas de Landru." It is the setting which gives me pause. 'On the Edge of the Wood' would make a charming poster for the tubes; only the details of the route are lacking. 'The Dream Nursery' could go straight into 'Petrouchka,' and 'Where the Toys Come From' into 'La Boutique Fantasque.' Will children, I wonder, recognise these things as glorifications of the familiar, and will they accept the hardly seen, luminous moths of M. Poirer in place of real robins, with practicable beaks and tail-feathers? 'The Interior of the Castle,' an austerity in stained glass, is altogether contrary to my recollection of a grand finale or "Palace Scene." This is no palace, but a profiteer's shooting-box. One knows these flunkeys. They were obtained through the *Morning Post* and "strongly recommended by Lord X who is going abroad." I am uneasy, too, about the dancing. Any right-minded child, I am persuaded, would give all the dancing-masters in Russia for Mr. John Tiller. There should be as much "dressing" about the ballet as about a parade of toy-soldiers set out upon the nursery floor. Mr. Cochran's troops deploy in unadmired disorder, and those ignorant of the higher functions of the ballet might deem this not to be dancing at all.

Robin Hood is admittedly the least grateful of all "principal boy" parts. Not for him the jewelled whip and garter, the three-cornered hat, the *jabot* with the single diamond, the poise of Brummel turned Sixteen-string Jack. He is no highwayman of the passions with a commanding trick of the heel, but a simple woodlander, an amorous bumpkin. Rather, for him, the green thought in the green shade. But your true "principal boy" is not concerned with verisimilitude. There is not one ounce of thigh-slapping in Miss Nellie Taylor's elegant ruffian. His love-making has none of that quality which you can only call "spanking." He never drove a coach-and-four through a crowded card-room at midnight. How would a Harriet Vernon have scorned those blameless "trunks," sage in colour and implication, circumfluent as the hose of Madge Robertson's, now Mrs. Kendal's Rosalind! Mr. George Hassell and Mr. Tubby Edlin hardly give one the impression, as the Brothers Griffiths used to do of having lived for an eternity in each other's bosoms. Mr. Hassell is too obviously the master-mind. Both villains should be double-dyed till put to the proof; Mr. Edlin's knees are as water from the start. Mr. A. W.

Baskcomb's Louise is a sheer delight. Her mien that of the lamentable Miss Jones arriving to take charge of Mr. Walpole's 'Jeremy,' she wears the classic air of dejection proper to governesses, an air primarily of the desire to please, recurrent with each new place, but with a subtle layer of heaped-up humiliation. One visualizes angry middle-class debates in which the privilege of dining with the family is conceded, on Sundays, at mid-day. When, later, Louise burgeons to recovered beauty and puts out fresh leaves, you note that she still retains her mittens. This is the stroke of an artist.

I have left the Babes to the last. "Complementary colours," says a text-book on astronomy, "are not uncommon among double stars, the brighter usually having a red, orange, or yellow colour, the less bright a green, blue, or purple." This law holds true of the stage. Lorna's impeccable *tenue* is the charter for the eccentricities of Toots; Beattie's constant gentility the excuse for the excesses of Babs. I declare Miss Jenny Dolly to shine with an orange light, Miss Rosie to send forth a blue. From the boy-babe's pathetic countenance, composed after the model of Sarah's Jeanne d'Arc, there issues a constant stream of pleasant-sounding Amurricanisms. The girl-babe is self-effacing, the perfect Celia. Both, one feels, are thoroughly capable women. Their legs should be covered. There is no beauty, save that of efficiency, in the musculature, the ligaments and articulations of practised dancers. There was an unfortunate mishap on the night on which I attended; a back-cloth refused to descend and remained a foot from the ground. Urgently the feet of the scene-shifters like desperate mice peeped in and out, but without avail. Meanwhile, with cloudy brow, Mr. Cochran sate sepulchral in his box. Presently to the clod-hopping soles was added a nattier pair, but ever, and to the end of the scene, in vain. Happy Mr. Cochran that pantomime is a world as yet by him unconquered! I do not refer to this simple hitch, but to the whole conception. 'Babes in the Wood' is a pantomime for grown-ups. "Toute genre a son *écueil particulier*," said Sainte-Beuve. The rock on which this "children's pantomime" has split is Chauve-Souris. Mr. Cochran has not been sufficiently 'ware of M. Nikita Balieff.

FOR AND AGAINST ENGLISH MUSICIANS

By FRANCIS TOYE

DURING the last few weeks there has been much discussion on the lack of support given to the concerts of several prominent English singers and players. It is invidious and unnecessary to mention specific instances; all that needs comment is the general fact. The whole subject is a complicated and delicate one which cannot be dealt with by windy if eloquent denunciations of the public on the one hand or sneers at English musicianship on the other. Dissection and analysis are called for. Let us attempt to provide them.

Of two artists gifted with equal talent, an Englishman and a foreigner, is the Englishman really handicapped or not? I think he is handicapped for two reasons. First, owing to the better publicity at the disposal of the foreigner. Old-established tradition, accompanied by a conviction, right or wrong, of greater public interest, have led newspapers to attach more importance to the doings of foreign musicians than to our own. Their performances, even their intentions, often find a place in the "news" section while the accomplishments of our own musicians are relegated to the comparative obscurity of the musical column. As a practical journalist I cannot sufficiently emphasize the importance of this distinction. It is far greater than the public or even most musicians realize. Press agents understand it well enough and, quite rightly, push their advantage to the utmost, with the result that the publicity obtained

by the foreign artist is appreciably more valuable than that at the disposal of the Englishman. Incidentally it appears to me that foreign musicians better understand the value and methods of publicity. In any event the publicity of the average English concert is about as bad as it can be, old-fashioned, spasmodic and inadequate. All this has nothing to do with music. It is of great importance to the musician.

Second, there is little doubt that our public are on the whole prejudiced in favour of the foreigner. His is a more romantic figure, pregnant with infinite impossibilities. Who can summon up the same enthusiasm for Smith and Robinson, domiciled at Golders Green or Hammersmith as for Pecorino and Boblinski hailing from unpronounceable recesses of Poland or Lombardy? Smith and Robinson are men like ourselves, paying income tax and rates, with wives who pillage the bargain counters in the big stores on Saturday. Pecorino and Boblinski, on the other hand, are mysteries. Their wives, if any, are conveniently forgotten. They bring with them all the romance of the unfamiliar. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. This attitude is of course absurd. The fact that Smith lives at Hammersmith does not make his music inferior to that written or played at Przemysl by Boblinski. But the public are undoubtedly influenced by it—as well as by a sub-conscious conviction that God, who, as they know, moves in a mysterious way, has bestowed on all foreigners (except Americans) a capacity for music superior to that found among the English, in return for a monopoly by the latter of all the more solid virtues whether social, political or domestic.

So much for what may be called the credit account of English musicians, that is to say mere prejudices and disabilities that should and can be removed. Suppose them removed, would there be any justification for our public's preference for foreign artists as a body? Are our musicians in fact as good as their colleagues on the continent?

To answer the first question it is necessary previously to consider the second, the reply to which obviously depends to some extent on personal predilection. In my view, however, there is no doubt that the answer must be negative. I do not think the average singer or player in this country is as good as the average singer or player on the continent. There are of course artists in England who are very good indeed; decidedly superior to the great majority of their continental competitors. These are, however, the exception; they could be numbered, perhaps, on the fingers of four hands. They are undoubtedly handicapped both in this country and out of it by the reputation for inefficiency and amateurishness attached to English artists generally. This is most unfair but it is not unnatural. The conventional standard of playing and singing here in London seems to me quite bad. I am told—and I have no reason to believe otherwise—that the reason is primarily the slackness prevalent at our musical institutions. Most of our students, especially female students, have no conception of how musical students work in Germany or France. They never throw themselves into their musical life with that wholeheartedness that is customary, indeed necessary, in Paris or Leipzig. They approach their training in a spasmodic, amateurish manner, and spasmodic amateurs they remain all their life long. Little if any blame can be attached to the institutions themselves. Teachers and methods are, I believe, as good as anywhere else. The villain of the piece is the psychology of the students, their deficiency of purpose rather than of opportunity.

In any event the results are obvious in the multitude of recitals so carefully avoided by ingenious musical critics as well as in the utter lack of any real enthusiastic musical life in London. This last reacts on the artists who are worth something, even those who are worth a great deal. We shall never produce a Casals or a Kreisler in this country till it is possible for our most talented musicians to soak themselves in music, to live,

sleep, eat and talk music as all serious artists do abroad. When this is possible and our best musicians realize the added need of education and culture, there is no reason to doubt that England will produce artists as great as the very greatest now alive. The sole reason, in my judgment, for our failure hitherto is lack of suitable environment, not inherent lack of capacity.

In the meantime, if my diagnosis is correct, the public is justified in its general preference for foreign artists. It may reasonably be urged, however, that it is not justified in withholding its patronage from the few really good English artists. I am the first to admit the soundness of the objection—in theory. I can think of at least half a dozen pianists, a couple of 'cellists, one violinist and several singers who would rank as first-class in any country. But the musical public, be it remembered, has never been a rich public, and at the present time is probably less rich than ever it was. Money to be spent on music is saved till a Casals or a Kreisler gives a concert, so that the same money cannot be spent on other recitals of normal if undoubted excellence. Musical critics who can go to every concert for nothing, extracting, like bees the honey, a little pleasure here and a little there, appear to forget sometimes that the average concert-goer of straitened means has to choose carefully how and where he shall lay out his money. I may deplore but I cannot blame his undoubted tendency to spend it only on a concert where he is practically guaranteed the most generous return.

Right or wrong, these are the conclusions to which not a little thought about the qualities and defects of English executive artists have led me. Many people will not like them. I do not like them myself. That is no reason for not stating them.

Correspondence

THE 'LIVERPOLITAN'

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

NO man or class or city escapes the modern spirit of criticism, and although in an isolated instance or two criticism may be ignored, when it comes in mass with unanimous direction it must be considered.

When a city receives it, the necessity for regarding the opinions of outsiders is as apparent as in the case of an individual. The malleability of man is nowhere more obvious than in the mass entity of a large town, for the stamp of the environment is on each citizen to a greater or lesser degree. He is a Londoner, a Glaswegian or a 'Liverpolitian,' for his city's mind, method and outlook get into his being. So that the stranger's criticism is legitimate and to be regarded by each citizen as applicable to himself in so far as he is at one with his city.

Lately some very unflattering criticism has been passed in private and in public upon Liverpool, post-war. For lately this city of transitions (it is not two hundred years since Liverpool was a place significant only of insignificance) has presented to the stranger a harsher front than would have been observable twenty years ago. Her main streets are always overflowing with crowds of people belonging to two classes—the working and middle (chiefly lower middle) division of society. The working-class are (save for some Irish exuberance) the same as elsewhere. It is the other more largely apparent class which draws the comments of critics. Expensively dressed, comfortably, if hideously housed, forceful, educated in the art of material gain, semi-educated in most other matters, aggressive, critical and resentful of criticism, hardy, patient and creditable in times of stress, they are an interesting if not an attractive community. In charitable organising, in the housing of the poor, in the management of vital material matters such as water supplies; in fact wherever hard sense is needed Liverpool succeeds. Her greatest disability is that her manners instead of being in that surface position

which Whistler commended, are hidden away more securely than the silver spoons and brought out much less frequently. Her crowd has not the gaiety of the London crowd. It flocks to such entertainments as are provided and seems to swallow them with a bulging solemnity suggestive of semi-asphyxiation. In the streets it attempts no self-steering but batters and bumps without vituperation. The sight of two 'Liverpolitans' solemnly walking straight into one another, crashing with dislocation and as solemnly pulling themselves together, without so much as a glance in each other's direction has a kind of magnificence quite rare. This nullity colours all the mass's attitude. Their speech betrays it, consisting as it does of a mass of consonants monotonously reiterating in a series of jolts. This accent has been described as the result of "adenoids." But it seems to have mental as well as physical connections. The democracy of Liverpool distrusts with vehemence the unaccustomed or imaginative.

Liverpool is a product of twentieth century civilization. In its heavy way it does things. It holds concerts of an expensive type and attends them with determination. Its annual exhibition of pictures is large and influential, although having no visible effect on the art culture of the town and seeming not to attempt it, to any great extent. In fact whilst laboriously and dutifully carrying through many undertakings for pleasure and elevation Liverpool appears to derive the minimum of either from her endeavours. Dulness attempts and dulness results. And no laugh breaks the spell. This peculiar people is of Welsh and North Irish extraction with not enough of Lancashire to provide the rough *bonhomie* of other parts of the county. Sea salt is in the blood with its many sturdy advantages. Only there is too much salt. It seems that someone somehow joggled the spoon: and the warm water of success produces the emetical. Eighty years ago the town was cultured. A benevolent aristocracy departed has left fine institutions, now an overpowering democracy is determined to appear undemocratic and is creating marvellous social distinctions in consequence. For there is no more delicate matter than the social gradation of a mass population. The heart burnings of an intercourse limited by the possession or non-possession of a motor-bicycle and side-car (for the family), by the presence or absence of a servant or charwoman, or by the fact of one's husband being a grocer instead of a butcher, are very real. No one can know anyone else with comfort, even in the best suburban districts. The result is a detachment of attitude on the part of the inhabitants to one another and to strangers which accounts for the charges of lack of hospitality too often made.

Is the 'Liverpolitian' good at heart? Well, he very often is thoroughly good. But he is trained and disciplined to keep it dark. The humanities must be furtive. Is he clever? Very often brilliantly clever—at making money. When his genius takes other directions, when loving parents cannot induce him to see the desirability of one aim in life—the acquisition of money—he leaves Liverpool as soon as circumstances permit, after which Liverpool commissions him to speak at her functions or paint her portraits. It is no place for artistic, literary or other wayward geniuses. If Liverpool had kept within her gates the brains she has produced, she might now be rivalling London as a really great city. She has many of the characteristics of greatness, but not imagination. The communal patriotism of the cities of old Italy would seem in her materialistic eyes extrinsic. Given its presence she could be high in all the higher reaches of civic attainment, fine as well as prosperous, beautiful as well as strong. At present she is wealthy and uncomfortable as any other *nouveau riche* who is "all dressed up and nowhere to go." She is scrappy, snappy, but nappy in regard to most things which would make her really happy. Poor rich Liverpool!

Reviews

AMERICAN POETRY

Modern American Poetry. By Louis Untermeyer.
Cape. 8s. 6d.

THIS is an anthology, although the title-page does not say so. It is a collection of relatively short pieces chosen from the works of nearly one hundred American poets born since 1830. Mr. Louis Untermeyer who is responsible for it is himself a young poet who has been prominent of late as a critic as well as a writer of verse. We may say at once that his selection seems to have been made with care and taste; it is well arranged, and the biographical data which are prefixed to the quotations, even to those from Hilda Conkling, "most gifted of recent infant prodigies" (Miss Hilda is scarcely eleven years of age), must have been collected with no little expenditure of time and trouble. The volume is one which will be useful as a work of reference, and its information can doubtless be relied upon. The only drawback is that the circumstance and pomp with which the poets are marshalled throws an unnatural glare on their shortcomings. Not all of them, or many of them, seem able to "live up to" Mr. Untermeyer's stately ceremony of investiture. The general effect of the hundred poets chosen to represent ninety years of American culture is decidedly disappointing. Not merely have Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy done better during the same period, but half a dozen smaller European countries have produced much more striking talents. Of this we cannot be sure whether Mr. Untermeyer is conscious or no. He speaks with great, and we think unmerited, scorn of the American poetry which followed the Civil War. But he holds that "suddenly," perhaps about 1880, the United States "developed a national consciousness."

This "consciousness" took, he thinks, for nearly a quarter of a century, a trivial if not purely humouristic shape. But in 1913 a change came; "suddenly," says Mr. Untermeyer, "the new poetry burst upon us with unexpected vigour and extraordinary variety." It is very natural that the anthologist should speak enthusiastically of his co-evals, and his own principal volume, 'Challenge' was published in 1914. The Boston *Transcript* described it as showing "a passionately energized command of the forces of justice," which seems a strange way of praising verses. However, we do perceive that passionate energy was, rather we confess than the force of justice, the mark of the writers who made their early appearance in New York about the same time as E. M. started the chorus of 'Georgians' in London. Mr. Oppenheim, Miss Amy Lowell, Mr. J. Gould Fletcher and Mr. Sandburg are names which have already reached us, and they all belong to 1914. We turn with peculiar interest to the selections which Mr. Untermeyer has made from these writers, and from Mr. E. A. Robinson, Mr. Frost and others of the same ebullient generation. Their compositions are, to a strange degree, like one another. There is one exception, Mr. Vachel Lindsay, whose violent lyrics are excessively individual. 'The Congo,' 'Simon Legree' and 'How General Booth entered Heaven' may be admired or repudiated—personally we admire them very much indeed—but of their vigour and originality there can be no species of question. We can but exclude Mr. Vachel Lindsay here from our general consideration.

The central influence, then, on all these poets of the second decade of the twentieth century, is manifestly Walt Whitman. Taking this into consideration, we think it matter of regret that it should be the form rather than the substance of Whitman which has inspired them. We regret it because, while the great merit of 'Leaves of Grass' was that it opened up a hundred

new vistas of emotion and impression, many of them highly "eligible," as Whitman would say, for poetic use, it created a form of detestable laxity. What was to be hoped for was that a new generation of poets would take up the breadth of vision and the variety of subject which the Bard of Camden indicated, and would translate these into pure poetic form. Unhappily, the opposite has been the case. The poets have taken advantage of the metrical looseness and vague frenzy of Whitman, and have indulged in the most deplorable eccentricity. In some cases, as in the famous one of Mr. Masters, author of 'Spoon River Anthology' and 'Domesday Book,' they have produced cynical delineations of modern life from which the very elements of art are absent, works which are amusing and curious, but directly anti-poetical. In others, as in that of the much-praised Mr. Carl Sandburg of Chicago, they have made up for lack of limpidity and music by sheer brutality, again with a total bankruptcy of metre. In general what has been striking in these American versifiers of the latest generation is their repudiation of everything but statement of visual effect. But poetry cannot be reduced to a mere exhibition of snapshot photographs of unrelated objects; it must have music and it must have wings, and these are, it seems to us, almost entirely neglected by the "Imagists," as the clan of journalistic verse-writers now dominant in New York style themselves.

We learn from Mr. Untermeyer that Miss Hilda Doolittle is, "by all odds, the most important of the group." We are therefore justified in taking the selected pieces of Miss Doolittle as representative of the newest American poetry. Here is one of them, entitled 'Oread':

Whirl up, sea,—
Whirl your pointed pines.
Splash your great pines
On our rocks.
Hurl your green over us—
Cover us with your pools of fir.

That is all; that is the entire poem, which Mr. Untermeyer, in an ecstasy, finds "capturing the firm delicacy of the Greek models." We offer no comment. We will not presume to judge the curious experiments of these "Imagists," who have evidently grown up between Whitman on the one hand and the Japanese *tanka* on the other. But we cannot help pointing out that the manufacture of such bursts of impressionism is excessively easy. Every wag can write parodies of such poems which are just as good as the originals, and sooner or later a national literature must return to the more arduous cultivation of dignity and melody. "On our rocks"—what a line to be presented to us as an example of "the firm delicacy of the Greeks"!

RUDOLF EUCKEN

Rudolf Eucken: His Life, Work and Travels. By Himself. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

THE simultaneous publication of Eucken's analysis of Socialism, which we recently reviewed, and now of his life, testifies to an effort which is being made to restore the best-known German philosopher of our day to the popularity outside Germany which he enjoyed before the war. The publisher's puff, which is appended to the present volume, informs us that it is "one of the most fascinating and important autobiographies of recent years." This is absurd exaggeration; and when will the vendors of literary objects learn that such indiscriminate praise does their wares more harm than good? The truth about Eucken's Autobiography is that it is the careful and modest record of an intellectual life, composed by a man of seventy-six, whose memory is evidently a little blurred by time, and who is too honest to invent what he no longer remembers. The result is a plain statement, with "no flowers, by re-

quest," in which the facts of a strenuous professional career are set down in order. The story is frankly old-fashioned; we are taken back to the time before 1870, when the University life of Germany was simple and unaffected, when megalomania had not yet set in, and when intellectual simplicity had not been pushed aside by the passion for wealth and display. The amiable philosopher reviews the images of this old and almost pastoral time, which he looks back upon through the roaring years between with a sort of pensive amazement.

Rudolf Eucken was born in the first week of January, 1846, and was the son of the postmaster of Aurich, the village-capital of East Friesland. His picture of the little moated town, girt with woods and "enlivened by several very handsome wind-mills," is like an old Dutch landscape. Here was indeed a haunt of ancient peace. The philosopher attributes the bent of his mind to his mother, who had received a strenuous education and was a lover of books. She was deprived, almost at a blow, of her husband and her other child, and thenceforth she devoted her entire energy to Rudolf. She took him as a very little boy to a worthy rabbi, who blessed him and prophesied that he would "do great things in the service of God." This prediction seems to have made an indelible impression on the child, and to have been the prelude of his career. The Euckens were passing rich on thirty pounds a year, but the admirable mother contrived to battle along. When things were going badly, they "took in at every breath the strength of the forest," and worked through. "All my mother's efforts tended to one aim—to lead me to the heights of academic education." To these heights, as all the world is aware, Eucken arrived in due time, and from them he sent out the somewhat diffuse but earnest and wholesome writings which have achieved a success which has been pre-eminent in Germany but may fairly be called world-wide. The autobiographer notes with sobriety that it was not at home, but abroad, in Sweden and Holland, that he was earliest appreciated. His 'Fundamental Concepts of Modern Philosophic Thought' was originally presented to the English-speaking world in 1880, but his influence in England and America really dates from the first decade of the present century. The record of his life is a purely intellectual one, and would perhaps be livelier if the author possessed more pictorial power. But it is written with simplicity and elevation of temper.

A chapter has to be devoted to the years of the great war, but the reader will discover nothing sensational in it. The violent events of 1914 found Eucken, where he had been for more than forty years, in the chair of philosophy at Jena. He had no great admiration for the trend of German politics, nor for the bureaucratic method which had spread over Germany like a thick net. He says:

This bureaucracy has no sense of proportion or discrimination. It thinks in rigid standards, and it is incapable of entering into another mental attitude or appreciating any right of individuality. We are experiencing a brilliant result of its work!

Nevertheless Eucken, though the outbreak of war was extremely painful to him, did not hesitate to take his place with his own people. His was not a nature to court martyrdom; he bowed his head, and confined himself to endeavouring to check the extravagance of injustice and hatred. We are not concerned to blame him. We would rather dwell on the admirable and straightforward testimony he gives to the honesty of his friends among the Allies. He showed great courage in the books he published during the war, especially in his 'German Idealism' of 1915, and in his 'Main Needs of Modern Thought' of 1917. In these works, which achieved an immense circulation, he never shrank from outspoken deprecation of all disdain of the spiritual achievements of England and France. If there had been more Germans like Rudolf Eucken there might never have been a war.

THE "OLD EMPEROR"

The Emperor Francis Joseph and his Times. By Lieut. General Baron von Margutti. Hutchinson. 24s. net.

THIS is an English translation, not too well done, of 'Von Alten Kaiser,' which was published a short time ago in Vienna by Baron von Margutti, a member of the Aides-de-Camps' Department of the Austrian Imperial Household from 1900 to 1917. In constant and intimate touch with the Emperor during that period, he had the best facilities for acquiring information on his subject. Naturally the book abounds in the author's personal reminiscences, but in the main it consists of a series of character studies, elaborated with much care and expressed with not a little candour, of Francis Joseph himself, the Empress Elizabeth, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and the Archduke, afterwards the Emperor, Charles. Of the portraits thus presented that of the old Emperor is by far the most complete and impressive, and no student of European politics can afford to neglect it. Nor can this picture of a man, exalted yet intensely human, loving, hating, hoping, fearing, reeling under the heavy blows of fate, yet holding invincibly to the duty that lay nearest his hands, fail to interest all those who care little for politics but much for life, in its other manifestations.

Francis Joseph controlled the destinies of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy for 68 years—a reign of extraordinary length during which, in spite of many changes both within and without his empire, he kept together the various and often opposed nationalities that composed it—in itself no inconsiderable achievement, though he was not a great statesman. Margutti probably puts the Emperor's limitations quite correctly when he says of his sovereign that he occupied himself with trivialities to such an extent that he lost sight of more important matters, and in fact could not see the wood for the trees. Further, the Emperor was not well served, his bitter experiences causing him to distrust politicians whether Austrian or Hungarian, and to despise his diplomats; his confidence in the fighting capacity of the men of the greater part of his army was justified—it was his commander who failed him. An apostle of method in work, he carried punctilio to an extreme, but if he never forgot the dignity of his office, he loathed luxury and the easy life. His day began at four o'clock in the morning, and closed at eight in the evening; his habits were of the simplest; it was typical of them that he slept on an iron camp-bed. His devotion to duty was such that he never permitted his family sorrows, which were more devastating than those of most men, to interfere with his labours. Even when the hand of death lay hard upon him he toiled on indefatigably up till two or three hours of the end. It is all a strange, pitiful, moving story that Margutti tells—and for the most part tells very well.

Perhaps the most interesting passages in the book for English readers are those which deal with the relations that subsisted between Francis Joseph and King Edward VII., who as Prince of Wales had often paid long visits to Austria and Hungary. After ascending the throne the King first visited Vienna in 1903, and was received as an old and valued friend by the Emperor. This friendship continued for some years, but from the start, according to Margutti, the King's "extraordinary friendliness was bound up with his hopes of loosening the Alliance with Germany." King Edward, we are told, "conducted his own foreign policy," and though this statement goes too far because he was a constitutional monarch, there is, as everybody knows, a certain amount of truth in it. Margutti's way of phrasing it is that the King in his deliberate policy of isolating and encircling Germany did his utmost to detach the Emperor from Germany, but failed, as Francis Joseph was determined to remain faithful to William II. After all, the Austrian sovereign was German—he *was* a

German prince, as Margutti points out more than once, and it is impossible not to respect such loyalty: that he suffered for it, does not make this the less true, but much the more.

EPICURUS IN ITALY

Alone. By Norman Douglas. Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.

THE travel-books of Mr. Norman Douglas, 'Old Calabria' and 'Alone,' its present successor, are among the most delightful books of their kind in our language. This sort of literature can concern itself with ordinary places and describe them in so extraordinary a manner that they are raised "sublime, out of space, out of time." Hannah More's account of her mission in the Mendips reads more strangely than many a chronicle of adventures among mid-Nigerian scalp-hunters. Mr. Thomas Burke has an inkling of the secret. Or it is possible to describe extraordinary places in so ordinary a manner that Arabia or Atlantis is made less entertaining than Wimbledon. Mr. Douglas is the perfect traveller because he combines both merits. He takes us into dim places in Italy where even in war-time the macaroni is immaculate; or makes us feel that even Rome and Florence, for all their sophistication, are to him a peculiar and unique vision, so sensitive and swift are his eyes, so cynical, so garrulous, so profoundly learned is his pen.

It must have been some fatality which compelled Mr. Douglas to mention Mr. D. H. Lawrence's 'Twilight in Italy' somewhere in his volume, if only in a footnote. A comparison of 'Twilight in Italy' and 'Alone' gives meaning to that weary old distinction between the romantic and the classical spirit—the sombre and heavy harmonies against the untroubled pagan clarity. In Mr. Lawrence sex is so dominant a motif that even the curves of a Gothic arch meet only to embrace and kiss. In Mr. Douglas sex is an episode which must not obtrude too vulgarly on the decorous pageant of life, a minor art which has its sufficient ritual. Mr. Douglas, indeed, is as near a realization of the dead paganism as our civilization is likely to produce. He is not a Greek of the great age, he is too flippant for that; nor a "stern old Roman"; the Victorians, who "cultivated the Cato or Brutus tone," resembled them, and that is enough to put them out of court. He is a Greek of the third century rather, or most of all a Latin of the Empire, that time which is to him the "golden blossom." His attitude towards the religion of Europe might have been precisely the attitude of some polite pagan reactionary at the court of Constantine, when the state establishment of the new faith was being debated:

They miss so much, those others. They miss it so emphatically. One sees them staggering gravewards under a load of self-imposed burdens. A lamentable spectacle, when one thinks of it. Why bear a cross? Is it pleasant? Is it pretty?

Our adoration of the sea is peculiarly romantic, Swinburne providing us with our most polysyllabic effervescence. Wilde, a *bourgeois manqué* with a faculty for Greek verse, tried to recover the classic attitude when, asked for his impression on first landing in America, he declared himself disappointed with the Atlantic. Mr. Douglas has it better:

It is a drawback of all sea-side places that half the landscape is unavailable for purposes of human locomotion, being covered with useless water.

And Mr. Douglas's attitude towards the nightingale singing outside his window at Olevano would have precipitated the collapse of Keats far more speedily than any outrageous *Quarterly* reviewer. "When this particular fowl sets up its din at about 3.45 a.m. . . . windows seem to rattle, plaster drops from the ceiling—an earthquake? Lord, no. Nothing so trivial." To Shakespeare it was the man who had no music in his soul who was to be regarded with the greatest suspicion. To Mr. Douglas it is the man who can bring himself to confess that he does not care what he

eats. "Beware of gross feeders," he urges, "they are a menace to their fellow-creatures. Will they not act, on occasion, even as they feed?"

The journal ends on a note of regret that this is no more than the torso of a book. We are glad that Mr. Douglas has nevertheless not endeavoured to fit it on a procrustean bed of formula. His novel, 'They Went,' proved amply that ordered plot and composition are not the method of his genius. For our part we regret his preface more strongly. Here Mr. Douglas explains why he was not doing more "useful work" during the war than stringing together these reflections on remote Italian uplands. Mr. Douglas seems to have been perturbed and has visited his perturbation upon a number of "pink" young men who interviewed him at various government offices when they should have been engaged on more arduous duties elsewhere. It seems so curiously provincial a resentment for a mind so European, not at all because the "pink" young men may have been furnished with quite formidable reasons for their tranquil occupations, but because it compromises all the witty non-moral self-sufficiency which gives this book its recondite flavour and lifts it so aloof from the mischances of imitation.

MR. DRINKWATER'S 'CROMWELL'

Oliver Cromwell. By John Drinkwater. Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER from time to time gives the public an opportunity of admiring his productions. His new play 'Oliver Cromwell' moves us to disquiet concerning the validity of the reputation he possesses. A modern critic of distinction has laid great emphasis on the use of the "objective correlative" in creative art. We take the critic to mean that the artist is in the position of a prism through which the original emotion or idea (for they are with difficulty separable) is split up into those elements of association whose cumulative effect is to suggest the original impulse by means of a richer synthesis. We suspect that Mr. Drinkwater is an adherent of Croce's less subtle æsthetic doctrine; he ignores, that is to say, this "objective correlative," this double process of analysis and reintegration, in his sublime belief in the direct communicability of emotion.

It is clear that Mr. Drinkwater has worked hard in the preparation of this play, has examined records and documents and has set down his matter to the best of his ability. It would be harsh and excessive to suggest that this ability is small, but it would be exact to suggest that it does not in any way approach the excellencies of drama. As we understand it, the function of drama is to stimulate a conflict in the beholder or reader by means of those associations which it is the duty of the dramatist to set forth. Mr. Drinkwater has given us facts taken from history and fancies ancillary thereto. He has certainly selected, but it is clear that his selection has led to the presentation of a figure utterly unlike the historic Cromwell and incapable of any of his achievements. This play shows conflict neither in the figure of its nominal hero nor in his fellow-helpers. It adumbrates no real clash of forces, whether spiritual or political. It relies on bare statement lacking in emphasis and a monotony of personality and diction for which a possible historical veracity cannot be permitted to atone. It is domestic drama mingled with the sentiment of the costume play, of a type for which there was never any artistic justification and for the recrudescence of which no argument is valid. Its emotions are those of melodrama. The mutilation of a boy who "looked like Gabriel in the books" is an incident, perhaps the strongest in the play, with none of the point, and save in mere statement, none of the horror, of Grand Guignol. The discovery of a treacherous document slipped in haste beneath the writing-case of King Charles's secretary is an incident which the Lyceum would reject as incompetent.

It is difficult to understand why Mr. Drinkwater, who in matters dramatic possesses unusually good taste, should have nodded so fatally. We have but one suggestion to offer. The vogue of biographical drama based on figures of historical or dominant importance is probably a reflection of the present world bankruptcy of intellect and personality. The furore that raised President Wilson to be a demigod, the idolization of Mr. Charles Chaplin, and the covert worship of Herr Stinnes by capitalist and proletarian alike, are but vicarious expressions of that personal impulse to domination that is thwarted in the present constitution of society. To borrow a splendour from association with an acknowledged personality is the simplest of expedients. It succeeded with 'Abraham Lincoln' because the schematic vista was too bold for distortion; it fails with 'Oliver Cromwell' because to concentrate the emotion of a people in one man requires an understanding of the general mainsprings of emotion that Mr. Drinkwater has failed to exhibit. We would urge Mr. Drinkwater to make a careful study of Mr. Halcott Glover's 'Wat Tyler.' In selection, in analysis, in presentation of significant detail, in the grouping of history to effective dramatic purpose, this play has much to teach 'Oliver Cromwell.' And yet we have no doubt that Mr. Drinkwater's play will be a striking success. There is still Mr. Drinkwater's public.

CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHY

The Meeting of Extremes in Contemporary Philosophy.
By Bernard Bosanquet. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

MANY amateur students of philosophy must have been feeling that the old boundary-lines dividing different schools of thought are becoming strangely blurred and confused, and that it is increasingly difficult to affix traditional labels with any confidence that they mark real distinctions. The bewilderment that results from any attempt to define the relative positions of modern philosophies is a sure sign that some new principles of classification are needed. So Dr. Bosanquet thinks, and he has written a comparatively short but most thought-provoking book to help us to clear our minds and to take fresh bearings just as we were beginning to find our old-fashioned charts somewhat worse than useless. His main thesis can be quite shortly stated. It is that the old opposition between realism and idealism is being to a great extent superseded by a new opposition between "progressism" (the word is his) and absolutism as a basis of classification, and that the deepest division in philosophy is no longer between those who assert the independent reality of the external world and those who emphasize the creative activity of the knowing subject, but between those who find ultimate reality in time and change and those who cling to the eternal unchanging unity of the whole universe.

Dr. Bosanquet illustrates his point by drawing out several striking agreements between the neo-realists of England and America and the neo-idealists of Italy. The one school holds in the main that truth is to be found in the complete submission of the mind to the external phenomena of space and time, the other would make these phenomena wholly the creation of thinking, and from this point of view the one is radically realist, the other idealist. Yet both agree in finding the ultimate reality of the universe in time, change, succession, history, and are hence led to agree further both in tending to deny the immortality of the finite individual, who is to them both temporal and temporary, and in seeking to dissolve religion in morals, inasmuch as "the goal is progress" and there is no eternal deity beyond succession. In the latter agreement Professor Alexander is recognised as a partial exception, because he seeks to find room in his system for the distinctive value of the religious experience. Dr. Bosanquet considers the agreement between these

two schools more important than the difference, and to them both he opposes the absolutism of himself and Dr. Bradley, which consists essentially in the doctrine that though the universe is full of change it is itself changeless and that therefore time cannot be ultimate reality. Between radical "progressism" and complete absolutism various mediating and less consistent positions are noticed and discussed.

The general conclusion is an interesting and important one, that "progressism" and moralism represent an excessive reaction from other-worldliness which is now almost stampeding the philosophic world, but that in the long run absolutism and religion must reassert themselves. But Dr. Bosanquet does not mention that his own metaphysic is as hostile to the ultimate reality of personality and to the immortality of the finite individual as any of those which he criticises. Indeed, the chief defect in the book as a study of contemporary thought seems to be its complete failure to notice the modern philosophy of personality which has many distinguished exponents in England and Scotland.

The practical value of the book would have been greatly enhanced by the addition of a full and accurate bibliography.

THE CHAMPION ON CHESS

Chess Fundamentals. By J. R. Capablanca. Bell. 10s. 6d. net.

THE Chess Champion in his last book threw bouquets at himself with a lamentable lack of humour. In this volume he is much more readable, and has had the good sense to include some games which he lost, with annotations indicating his own weak or irresolute moves. He might have omitted some elementary endings which all players know who take the game seriously. Otherwise, his book is full of points for the competent player and liberally illustrated with diagrams at various points in a game, so that it can be taken up anywhere. His generalisations represent by this time ample success and practice in the best chess company. The striking novelty for older players is his preference of a bishop to a knight at the end, since masters of the past have preferred the latter. A knight seems terribly effective when a weaker player is opposed by a stronger, and once placed on K5, bodes ill to the king in the corner. But an experienced opponent does not allow it to occupy such a position; two bishops are stronger than a bishop and knight; and a bishop can be quickly transferred from one side of the board to the other, a great point in strategy. It would be natural to suppose that pawns in an end-game should be on the same coloured squares as a bishop, but Señor Capablanca points out that this arrangement restricts the range of the bishop. Amateurs often lack the courage to push their attack on the king to the uttermost. This, he explains, must be done, for, if the attack fails, the other man will win. There are times when the best offensive is a waiting game. The sacrifice of the exchange is admirably illustrated by a game with Janowski in which the strong attack thereby gained is repulsed and the weight of material tells at the end. A more speculative sacrifice, which we expect to see in the future regularly made by enterprising amateurs, and later by professionals, is the exchange of a knight or bishop for pawns. This, as in the fine combination given on p. 165, may break up the opponent's whole position. Señor Capablanca's superiority at present is such that he can risk moves other players would not think of. All the champions have been great at end-games and relentless in holding their advantage. It is shown here that even a slight relaxation of attention for a move or two may lose a won game.

A first-rate player knows as much about records of games as a first-rate musician does about the scores of great music, and positions recur in which memory is an advantage. But the judgment which meets a crisis,

deciding how far the king can be safely denuded of strength, while pieces are massed for an attack after that of the opponent has failed—this is a fine point of chess which many players capable of developing their pieces cannot achieve. To make the best possible moves for any length of time is to be, indeed, a master, and Señor Capablanca points out one or two weak moves in games he describes generally as very fine.

We think it a pity that professionals confine themselves to so few openings. A more satisfactory test of chess would be an agreement to play in turn all those which are regarded as sound. The ordinary player wishes to get out of chess rapid results and interesting positions, not a livelihood; he is not what Schlechter was called, a "drawing master"; and it is the risks he takes that advance chess. His new idea will be subjected to analysis in detail, and if it is sound, will add variety to a game which ought not to be unduly hampered by book-work. The chess master is able to make a win out of a small advantage of position which would be nothing to an amateur, and it is in this pressing of a slight gain that Señor Capablanca excels. How many probable moves ahead the best players can anticipate we do not know; but it is a relief to observe that masters do not always see everything, not even a move which seems obvious to the intelligent amateur.

RESTORATION COMEDIES

Restoration Comedies. 'The Parson's Wedding,' 'The London Cuckolds,' and 'Sir Courtly Nice, or, It Cannot Be,' with an Introduction and Notes by Montagu Summers. Cape. 15s. net.

ENTHUSIASM for the Restoration Comedy is not likely, we think, to last very long with many readers of taste and experience. Its attraction is often due to a reaction against the proprieties of conventional education, much as in the case of its original audiences the attraction was largely due to reaction against puritanical repressions. When taste and experience have reduced certain elements of life to a right perspective, the obsession by them of this school of drama is apt to be disgusting. It is not the indecency of language, very much a matter of time and custom, which offends, but the ineffable business and brutality of thought. Comedy of manners, no doubt, must be hard: sentiment and softness ruin it. But it should be the hardness of amusement and contempt, as it is in Congreve, not the hardness of the ruffian and the bully. Congreve, to be sure, stands apart from his company. That magic of speech which is beautiful and yet seems natural is his alone of the Restoration dramatists. Etherege, his forerunner, has something of his grace; Farquhar, his successor, has gaiety and a light touch of humour. But in the rest the animalism and the narrowness and the brutality become a bore.

So at least we found them in reading these three plays which Mr. Summers's zeal has revived after a long period of oblivion. By far the best of the three is Edward Ravenscroft's 'The London Cuckolds.' It has a true comic idea; the dovetailing and balancing of its motive is extremely skilful; the action is brisk, ingenious and varied. It is no wonder that it held the stage long enough for Peg Woffington to act in it. For many years it was acted on Lord Mayor's Day—a tactful compliment to the City. The most interesting thing about 'Sir Courtly Nice' is its origin. It was suggested to Mr. Crowne by no less a person than Charles II. himself that he should adapt the Spanish Comedy 'No puede ser,' and this is the result. Charles died while it was in rehearsal and it was the first comedy acted in James's reign. It also was revived at intervals in the eighteenth century. It has wit, and Sir Courtly is fairly amusing as one of the earliest of his kind, but he is not to be compared with Etherege's Sir Fopling. As for 'The Parson's Wedding,' we found it the hardest reading encountered for years. Fifty times its wit would not make its consistent lowness of thought

and brutality of action tolerable. There is in it something of that "disease of ill-breeding," which Charles, as he wrote to his sister Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, deplored in England when he came to his own again. A curious thing about the play is that it was acted entirely by women. If Mr. Summers's enthusiasm has led him to rate the Restoration Comedies too highly, as we certainly think he does, he goes far to justify it practically by thoroughness of work. His introduction is a mine of detailed information as to origins, parallels, dates and everything else.

MORE ABOUT SCULPTURE

Sculpture of To-Day. By Kineton Parkes. Vol. II. Continent of Europe. Chapman & Hall. 30s. net.

A FEW weeks ago we reviewed Vol. I. of Mr. Kineton Parkes's story of modern sculpture, dealing with America, Great Britain, Japan, and found it a good book for the public. This is as it should be. Such compilations are not meant for atrabilious experts: they do not pretend to pursue the thankless task of preaching to the converted. The plain man who occasionally casts an eye upon street effigies, and wonders, at the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, why pictures should always have the lion's share of the space, and sculpture always only the mouse's share, will find in this volume a rapid guide to the sculpture reputations of the day in France, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Jugoslavia, Poland, Lithuania, Russia, Sweden, Denmark and Norway—a rich, mixed meal, and if he be rather appalled by the array of odd, and often unpronounceable names, he can ease himself into the study of their achievements by the 93 full-page illustrations. This is a goodly number; but the avid reader wants still more. For example: Paul Dardé, the French shepherd lad, whose 'Faun' and 'Eternelle Douleur' were the success of the 1920 Salon, and won him the Prix National de Salon, is unillustrated. But there are two illustrations that will give to the plain man an object lesson in the extremes of expression in modern sculpture. These are Alexander Archipenko's 'Mourning Women'—rank cubism, a mere geometrical puzzle to all except the initiate—and Numa Patlegean's 'Pierrot's Sister'—frank representation, but charming; beauty touched with strangeness.

Mr. Kineton Parkes, in his preliminary chapter on 'The Presentation of Sculpture,' says that "The interest of the study of English and American sculpture is by way of being an immersion, that of Continental European an engrossment: there is much dignity in the former, but more fire in the latter." This fire was kindled and continues to burn in France. Other nations have their lonely fires of creative energy; England her Alfred Stevens and Alfred Gilbert; America her Saint Gaudens; Spain her José Clara; Italy her Rosso; Holland her Van der Eijnde; Jugoslavia her Mestrovic; Russia her Archipenko, and so on; but these are sporadic. In France there is continuity, tradition, a zeal for sculpture, sometimes over-kindled, but a fire that always burns. The plain man has only to visit the vast sculpture garden in the annual French Salon to realize that France is the parent of most modern sculpture, and that she welcomes and encourages her children to be fruitful and multiply. Mr. Parkes is tolerably right when he says that "French sculpture of the latter part of the nineteenth century is one half tradition and the other half Rodin"; but he exaggerates the debt of Rodin to Rosso. That is an old story, and most of those who met Rosso at the time of the discussion sided with the grave Frenchman rather than with the excited Italian. But all this is *vieux jeu*. What matters is the prodigality of the French achievement as detailed in these pages, the elder French school, and the younger French school, from the austerity of Bourdelle and Maillot, to the architectural fantasies of Céline Lepage, and the witchery of Paul Dardé.

These two volumes must have been, to the author, a long labour. Only a passion for sculpture could have carried him through it. Omissions, occasional incomplete sympathies, and occasional over-hearty admirations, are of less importance than the fact that here we have a guide to modern sculpture, and a reference book of value to the Cinderella of the arts.

CRICKET

Cricket and Cricketers. By Colonel Philip Trevor. Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.

COLONEL Philip Trevor is certainly qualified to write a book on cricket and cricketers because not only has he been a player but, as he tells us, he must have seen about a thousand first-class matches in his life, and lookers-on are supposed by some people to see most of the game. The book asks for criticism, for much of it is the author's judgment of the merits of different cricketers and there must inevitably be great difference of opinion. Six chapters of this book are given to batsmen, and Colonel Trevor's nine heroes in order of merit are W. G. Grace, Ranji, Trumper, Jessop, Hobbs, Hayward, Fry, F. S. Jackson and Maclaren. The author leaves out Shrewsbury because he can only give a boy's recollection of this batsman, but as Grace is one of his heroes, who came out ten years before Shrewsbury, we must plead for the inclusion of that great player, who was the finest batsman on really difficult bowlers' wickets the world has ever seen. The claims of Sir T. C. O'Brien for admission are also very strong, for for though not a faster scorer than Jessop he was a harder hitter and a sounder batsman. Many other critics will also remember F. S. Jackson's grand batting against the Australians in 1902 and 1905, when over and over again he showed the temperament of the hero who rises to the occasion and plays his best when his side are in a tight place, and will put him higher in the list.

Presumably because there are so many more batsmen than bowlers, only one short chapter is given to the world's best bowlers, of whom but five are reckoned great—Spofforth, Turner, Lohmann, Barnes and Richardson, with Lockwood, Rhodes and Hearne under consideration. On English wickets Spofforth was the greatest, but many Australian judges think Turner was better and Palmer as good as Spofforth in Australia. We think also that the list might be extended by including Hugh Trumble, Giffen, and some left-handed bowlers selected from Blythe, Briggs, Peate and Peel, and Colonel Trevor omits to mention what a curious deficiency there has been of Australian left-hand bowlers. But the author's five are all chosen with good judgment.

There is much in the book about Australian cricket, and very interesting it is. Colonel Trevor is right when he says that the Australian Eleven of 1921 were unrivalled in team work, but man for man they were not nearly equal to the Australian Elevens of 1902 and 1905, and, Colonel Trevor might have added, 1882 and 1884.

Colonel Trevor writes very interestingly on League cricket, which he does not like but which has come to stay. One error may be pointed out. It was not the one and only Jowett of Balliol who was the originator of the famous remark that none of us are infallible not even the youngest of us, but the Rev. W. H. Thompson, Master of Trinity, Cambridge.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Anglicanism. By Herbert Hensley Henson, Bishop of Durham. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

BISHOP HENSLEY HENSON'S book is worthy of its subject. Composed of a series of lectures delivered at Upsala to Swedish students, with the addition of a long and rather polemical preface, it gives an illuminating account of the historical and political influences which moulded English Protestantism into its officially national form, and of the relations of the

Anglican Church to its Roman and Nonconformist neighbours at home and abroad. The tone and spirit of the book express Anglicanism at its best—courteous, broad-minded, conservative, loving compromise, gentleman-like, and above all, scholarly and correct. When the Bishop says in his preface that the Roman Church retains its hold "only over the most backward communities (e.g., the Irish, the French Canadians, the Southern Italians) and the most unlettered sections of the greater peoples, by lowering its standard of faith and morals until they are clearly inferior to those of the best representatives of the non-Christian world," he gives us, by the implied contrast, at once the merit and defect of Anglicanism. For the English upper and middle class it is excellent. To the poor and needy in intellect and in the things of this world its appeal has been less successful, and so it has given its chance to Dissent, with all the influence for good and evil that Nonconformity has wrought in our political and social life. In his dealings with dissenters the Bishop is outspoken but eminently fair. He tells us that Anglicanism can never be understood apart from a knowledge of Nonconformity and that "it is difficult to say which is the most" (should not a bishop have said "more"?). "characteristic product of the English character. If Anglicanism expresses its balance, love of precedent and tendency to compromise, Puritanism as certainly discloses its moral fervour and obstinate individualism." He admits that at the time of the industrial revolution, when new centres of industry were coming into being, not marked on the Anglican chart, "in all directions there sprang up the ugly little brick chapels which became the spiritual homes of multitudes for whom the Church of England made no provision," and he attributes to an unreasoning dislike of religious enthusiasm and a deep-seated suspicion of new departures in spiritual methods, the tragic disaster which drove the Methodists out of the Church. Even in his dealings with the Anglo-Catholics, whom he would evidently like to "hew in pieces before the Lord" (metaphorically, of course), he is fair and urbane, and throughout he writes like a scholar and a Churchman. The debt that the English language owes through the Prayer Book to the English Church is one that it can never pay. Against Parson Adams we may set Parson Trulliver and the Rev. Bute Crawley; but nothing can balance the effect on English writing of the perfect prose drummed into generations of youthful ears in Church and in School Chapels. At the end of a finely written sketch of Cranmer's character, Dr. Hensley Henson says that "the Prayer Book is his supreme and peerless achievement, and it will always be his sufficient title to the homage and gratitude of religious Englishmen," and, we may add, of all who love our language.

UNREALITIES OF PEACE

The Hope of Europe. By Philip Gibbs. Heinemann. 15s. net.

SIR Philip Gibbs achieved and deserved a reputation during the war as a correspondent who brought to his descriptions of the fighting on the western front a sense of the immitigable horror of warfare and an almost feverishly resolute determination to tell the truth about it at all costs. The merit of this kind of writing, which he made peculiarly his own, was, at its best as in his book 'Realities of War,' very high indeed; its defect was a certain over-readiness to take vicarious responsibility for what he saw round about him, and an equally excessive facility for pronouncing judgment on premises which belonged to emotion and not to reason. One fears that these latter defects have taken hold of Sir Philip rather more tightly than is good for his considerable reputation as a writer. In this new book 'The Hope of Europe' he not only parades round the earth like Byron "the pageant of his bleeding heart," but in a style which keeps breaking out into spots of a kind of emotional eczema, he scatters with a copious-

ness and assurance more astonishing than commendable verdicts on post-war Europe and the post-war world.

The practice of writing contemporary polemics as if they were really history is always dangerous, but one fears that in the hands of Sir Philip Gibbs it goes further than it is easy to pardon. In his account of the state of Ireland since the Dublin Rebellion, though he gives a spurious appearance of impartiality by condemning alternately the excesses of one side or the other, he produces an effect which is really in essence partial. In some cases which could be easily substantiated his account of actual incidents is wrong. In other cases as, for instance, in his description of Sir Hamar Greenwood as "a Canadian Jew," which is a description, as he uses it, obviously meant not to be complimentary, he denies the whole basis of his book, which, if it means anything at all, is a plea for internationalism, for forgiveness between people and between peoples, and for a resolute determination not to dislike or to mistrust other people because of their race. Finally, it is hardly possible to resist the conviction that Sir Philip Gibbs as an observer of men has allowed his eyesight to get a little rusty. On at least two pages of the book where he is endeavouring to give a portrait of a public man he mis-draws him so seriously as even to give one the impression that he had not seen him at all. President Poincaré and M. Briand are both described as being tall men. Now M. Poincaré you could, without inconvenience, put in your pocket, and even M. Briand, though not quite so diminutive in the impression he gives you, does not, at any rate physically speaking, look down on Mr. Lloyd George.

ZIONISM TO-DAY

Zionism and World-Politics. By H. M. Kallen. Heinemann. 12s. 6d. net.

THAT genuine compromise between the privileges of rulers and the rights of the ruled which distinguishes British Imperialism from its predecessors, will find one of its happiest illustrations in the future of Palestine. All but invisible on any ordinary world-map, it reveals on closer inspection a monotony of sand broken only by an occasional discord of rocks. But it is the bridge between Asia and Africa and through the centuries has suffered from a spasmodic importance—as a cockpit or a caravanserai. To Jews of all times and climes the ideal of the return to Zion has been what the author, borrowing a term from psychology, calls the "compensatory ideal," a vision which grows brighter as and because the encircling gloom grows more profound. But for the war, Zionism would still be performing this quasi-pathological function. But each oscillation of the Eastern front involved cumulative agony for the inhabitants of Central European ghettos whose clamant woes stung their more fortunate Western kinsmen into shocked activity. Yet the circumstances which aggravated the problem eventually provided the materials for a solution. And so at length to Mr. Balfour's letter of November 2nd, 1917, to Lord Rothschild, and Allenby's victory and the British mandate.

The author is fully alive to the difficulties of the situation. The evolution of the Jewish state will depend partly on the sublimated imperialism implied by the mandatory system, partly on ambitious social and economic experiments necessitated by Palestine's sterility. The final chapter of the book sketches these in outline. But we venture a diffident suggestion that the author is lapsing into the oracular when he closes his book with the remark that "the New Life of the Jewish people in the New Zion will either attain the forms designated or remain a compensatory ideal." And his attitude towards the opposition of Jews and non-Jews is consistently partizan and usually acrimonious. Dr. Kallen, we gather, is an American. American

Zionism was late in the field. It seceded this year from the world-wide Zionist organization on questions of policy which it would have been given every opportunity of debating. We hesitate to suggest the analogy.

Dr. Kallen's style is distinctive. What he writes may be excellent American. It is certainly bad English. "Under the stressful conditions of the Peace Conference at Paris an enchannelment of emotions of so great a polarity into a pattern of united and common action was impossible." . . . We can almost hear the Doctor smack his lips over the polarity of his enchanneled sonority.

A SENTIMENTAL TRAVELLER

Mount Eryx and other Diversions of Travel. By Henry Festing Jones. Cape. 12s. 6d. net.

AS the *alter ego* of Samuel Butler, Mr. Festing Jones keeps up the style and tradition. Butler specially enjoyed his trips to Italy; had little adventures; and made friends everywhere. The responsibilities in this way of his friend and companion seem tremendous. As godfather, uncle, and correspondent, he must be pretty busy keeping his friendships in repair, but on his last visit after seven years to some Sicilian friends, they all said that "Enrico" was not a day older. There is another side to the Sicilian character, in which weapons and hasty politics play an unpleasant part. Everything, however, goes well with Mr. Jones at Trapani, where Butler discovers the ancient Scheria and the authoress of the *Odyssey*, and in other places with agreeable views, serenading musicians, and local dainties. He moves amid a rapture of reminiscence, dimmed now and again by advancing years, and develops freely the little humours of his visits. He is not annoyed when he loses his railway-ticket or gets his pocket-book stolen, but makes an elaborate story of both. We like particularly the Maker of Ballads who thinks England a province of Russia, and declares that Socrates was poisoned with a cup of celery juice; but there is a little too much of the inconsequent English lady who bullied her daughter. Bored, we feel, are much better to write about than to meet—witness Miss Bates in "Emma"—but even so the amusement is easily overdone. Mr. Jones makes great play with Butler's naughty habit of bringing the standards of the everyday world to bear on religious ideas and representations, and insists on being precise about details of a trivial sort. The letters of his own to a "compare" which he reprints are tedious in this way. But the reader who is attuned to the freaks and delights of sentimental journeying will find much that is pleasant, including attempts at English like "It is the young man that shall be planting the savage barley." Theories of life and archaeology are gaily put forth which may amuse or amaze the erudite, but we need not take them too seriously. Sicily is a land rich in legend; and, as Anatole France has pointed out, the public prefers fiction with all its enterprising ramifications to cold fact, which has no variety about it. Legend is "fancy-free," and so is Mr. Jones, a butterfly flitting and tasting. A chance remark at a table d'hôte by an elderly English lady will put him on to Loreto:

I had never been there, nor had I ever met anyone who had, but I knew it was near Ancona, and this interested me because I had recently bought a wine-jug in blue-and-white crockery whose shape suggested that its designer had been thinking of poke-bonnets.

The Index to Vol. 131 of the SATURDAY REVIEW is now on sale, price 6d. Subscribers to that volume may obtain it free on application to the Publishers, 9, King Street, W.C.2.

Shorter Notices

A Short History of the Irish People, by Mary Hayden and George A. Moonan (Longmans, 20s. net), is as fair-minded a history as can be expected at the present day, given the implications of the authors. For them, the people seem to be only those who were "agin the Government" from the twelfth century on: their account of the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet rule makes little use of recent research and none of the magnificent series of records which contain the history of Irish land in the Middle Age: and, reading their pages, we find a record of unbroken successes against the Government by the Irish chieftains, and none of their numerous defeats. Since nearly every inhabitant of Ireland, save perhaps a few in the mountains of Donegal and in the Western Isles, is of mixed Anglo-Irish descent, for it is incredible that any large proportion should have escaped after Mountjoy, Cromwell and 1688, it seems to us that at least this part of Irish history might be treated as belonging to all parties. In other respects we have little but praise to give to the authors. They give us excellent historical maps, plenty of genealogical tables and summaries, a full index, a useful account of Irish literature, which is too often in the early part confined to literature in Irish, and avoid much of the foolish over-statement which makes most writers on the Nationalist side a by-word among historians. They are, not unnaturally, a little at sea on legal matters. A palatine jurisdiction, though it interposed difficulties in the way of the King's writ, was not independent: no one would say that Cheshire or Durham was at any time free of English rule. A Lord Deputy, too, was a deputy to a Lord Lieutenant in nearly every case, when there was a Lord Deputy in Ireland there was generally a titular Lord Lieutenant in England, but the chief difference was in the powers conferred on a Lieutenant and a Deputy by their respective patents of appointment. We would urge upon these admirably, almost ideally for the purpose, equipped writers, having shown their powers by this book, to give us a history of the Anglo-Irish rule from the Conquest to Poyning's Law. There are ample materials in the English and Irish Patent and Close Rolls, the Justiciary Rolls, the Irish Statutes, and the various muniments already in print, which require interpretation by students familiar with Irish history and Irish place names. We have purposely said nothing about the modern portion of this history: where events that happened three centuries ago are part of everyday politics, historical calm and accuracy cannot be expected till the day arrives when a writer understanding alike both the English and Irish temperament and sharing in neither shall undertake the task of writing the history of the Irish people.

The Fall of Mary Stuart, by F. A. Munby (Constable, 18s. net), is a quite admirable piece of work in its way. It tells the story of the tragic years of Mary, from her marriage with Darnley to her flight into England, 1565-1568. As in the preceding volumes the story is told in the letters of Mary and her contemporaries, connected by a thread of judicious narrative and criticism. The spelling is modernized and when necessary the translations of the official publications are used. The sources of each are given, but we have no indication that Mr. Munby has consulted originals where these are open to inspection, and in some cases he has quoted Mrs. Strickland who uses documents notoriously fiction. The work is illustrated by nine portraits of the leading characters of the story, but we should have liked to see Darnley in a full-length portrait—"the long lad"—such as that in Hamilton Palace, and Bothwell in the authentic portrait still in the possession of his collateral descendants. The crux of Mr. Munby's volume is his solution of the mystery of the Casket Letters. He thinks they are forged, especially the "Second" one. The real difficulty is to find the genius who could do it. On the other hand, the Sonnets, the full text of which has only lately been recovered, are quite enough to prove the depth of Mary's infatuation. It is rather a pity that Mr. Munby did not elucidate the insult to the English at the christening masque (p. 150) of the satyrs wagging their tails. It referred to the traditional scoff that Englishmen were tailed. On the other hand, Mr. Munby might have presumed that Cecil was a master of English of his time: "make" (p. 183) is not "obviously a mistake for mate" but mate is a modern corruption of make. We have however nothing but praise for a quite successful piece of work which we commend to every one interested in one of the most romantic figures in our history.

Ulster and Munster, edited by George Fletcher (Cambridge University Press, 6s. 6d. net each) are two volumes of a new series of handbooks giving an account of the physiography of Ireland and of its economic and social history. Each volume contains sections on the natural history, antiquities, architecture and the notabilities of the province, and is illustrated by maps, diagrams and illustrations of places, and persons and things. The Ulster volume, for instance, contains nearly fifty illustrations ranging from stone axes and gold hoards to the Arboe cross and the portrait of John Mitchel, besides eleven maps and diagrams, of which two show the 250-foot and the 500-foot contours. Prof. Macalister writes of the Ancient Geography and Mr. E. C. R. Armstrong of the Antiquities and Architecture. The Botany and Zoology is perhaps the most novel feature in these handbooks, which present their information in a novel and unconventional way. We are rather surprised to find no mention of Tullyhogue, where the O'Neill had to be installed, or of the castle in Roughan Lough, while a list of the little "forths"

scattered over the wild parts of the province, especially in Tyrone, would have been welcome. Munster, being more populous in early times, has a more interesting architectural history, its prehistoric remains being especially abundant, though the neolithic population were forced to import their flint implements from the North of Ireland. Some of the finds show trade with Scandinavia during the Early Bronze Age, and there are more stone circles in Munster than in the whole of England. We congratulate the editor on a brilliant beginning of a most useful series.

The Nicholas Papers. Vol. IV. 1657-1660. Edited by Sir George F. Warner (Royal Historical Society). These contain a large number of letters to the court of the exiled Charles II, of whom Sir Edward Nicholas was the Secretary of State, and a few after the Restoration, mostly relating to the regicide, Thomas Scot. They are selected from materials in the British Museum, and some of them from drafts in Nicholas's own hand, written in a shorthand very difficult to decipher. Their editing leaves nothing to desire, as was to be expected from anything to which the name of Sir George Warner is attached. It has always seemed strange to us that this period in the life of Charles II has been left unexplored by our major historical novelists: except Dumas we remember at the moment none who have touched on it, and his brilliant invention disdained any contact with fact. Here we learn of the desperate straits of the exiles for money, their hopes for the result of a foreign attack on England, their assassination plots, the other side of the cession of Dunkirk, and of the Presbyterian Restoration plots which were ultimately successful. The notes are full of information, and this volume, read in conjunction with Firth's 'Last Years of the Protectorate,' the papers in 'Tudor and Stuart Proclamations' and Burnet, will furnish forth a full portrait of one of the most obscure periods of our political history.

New Mathematical Pastimes, by Major P. A. Macmahon (Cambridge University Press, 12s. net) contains a large number of geometrical designs, arranged symmetrically in form and colour, and starting from a study of the number of combinations that can be obtained by the juxtaposition of regular figures differing in colour. The pastimes will appeal in the first instance to what may be called the "jig-saw puzzle" mind, and indeed we feel sure that an attentive following of this book would have led to a prompt solution of more than one of the newspaper puzzles recently put before the world. The study of symmetry in pattern in the third part of the book will be of use to designers, though for sheer beauty, to our mind, a certain asymmetry is needful. We have been much interested by the quotations with which Major Macmahon enlivens his pages: they range from Phaedrus to Martin F. Tupper, dwelling on the eighteenth century poets for preference, but he ought not to have credited the Arcadia to Pembroke—Pembroke's Arcadia would have just passed muster.

The World's Work for January contains perhaps the most important part yet issued of the reminiscences of Mr. Page's career in England—describing his dealings with Sir Edward Grey over the difficulties connected with our blockade of Germany. There has been no more graphic picture painted of the relations between a friendly ambassador and a Foreign Secretary than that given here, and Mr. Page may take all credit for the pretty obvious suggestion that our French allies should take upon themselves the duty of seizing the test ship—the *Dacia*—despatched to bring about either the failure of the blockade or a war with the United States. Whether or no, on another occasion, of which Mr. Page gives an account, Lord Robert Cecil was gravely pulling the Ambassador's leg must be left to conjecture. An amusing paper on the Geddes family opens with the account of some geological remains found near the Border marked with the foot-prints of reptiles—all pointing south! Another interesting article is contributed by V. Stefansson the explorer on Spitzbergen and its possibilities, amongst other Northern lands. The Canadian Oil Rush, the St. Gothard electric railway, and English dining-cars are the subjects of illustrated articles.

Bonaparte, Membre de l'Institut, by G. Lacour-Gayet. (Paris, Gauthier-Villars, 15 fr.) is an account of the way in which the conqueror of Italy was elected in 1787 a member of the Institut in the place of Carnot, who had been struck off the lists by the Directory. Bonaparte took his share in the sittings of the Institut up till 1802, and even after he became Emperor he remained a member till in 1815 he resigned on his return from Elba. The author has extracted from the archives of the Académie des Sciences all the references to Bonaparte's share in their proceedings and has illustrated his work by sixteen facsimile reproductions of documents, etc., most of them up to the present unpublished. The work is a valuable addition to the great library of works on Napoleon and throws some light on his character. It is singular that his chief interest in science lay in astronomy, and it is noteworthy that his first object after establishing himself in any conquest was to promote the interests of science and its professors in the place.

Whitehall, by C. Delisle Burns (Milford, 2s. 6d. net), is an account of the mechanism of Government to-day, which should be in the hands of everyone who wishes to take an intelligent interest in the task of economical reform. A list of the chapters will show the general plan of the book: Administration, The Treasury, The Home, Colonial and India Offices, The War and Foreign Departments, The Economic Departments, Health and Education, Retrenchment and Reform. Appendices show the cost

of certain departments, and their headquarters staff. It is a most valuable member of a valuable series 'The World of To-day.'

The Day of Small Things, by Mrs. Evan Nepean (Bale, 8s. 6d. net), is a quite charming series of reminiscences of the youth of Jannet Ross, of the things that she read, thought, said and did, and of what went on round her. We recommend it most heartily to all those who can take pleasure in the genuine life of a child with exceptional opportunities for being happy. It is a good piece of work, perhaps the best the writer has given us.

FICTION

East is East, by T. D. Pilcher (Lane, 7s. 6d. net), contains three stories of Indian life. The first is an amplification of the proverb that Kim quoted to Mahbub Ali except that Gen. Pilcher puts the Brahmin highest in the scale of treachery instead of lowest. The second tells of the temptation of a Resident in a native state, and the third, like the first, is a tale of the north-west border. The tales are good, the author has a good eye for local colour, and the writing is simple and adequate. In brief, a successful book.

The Passionate Pilgrim, by Samuel Merwin (Allen & Unwin, 8s. 6d. net) is the story of how Henry Calverley, a writer of reputation, who had gone to pieces and disappeared after the death of his young wife and his own undisgraced imprisonment, set out to remake life for himself as a newspaper reporter. He finds that good writing is not wanted on his paper, but gradually recovers his lost powers, and chance puts him on the path to success and a happy marriage. The story, which we believe is one of a series, though this is not apparent, is very American in its implications, its enthusiasms, and in the rewards it offers for success.

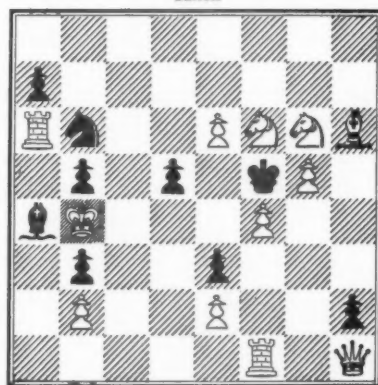
The Grass Eater, by Phyllis Austin (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net), is Pan Lancing, an eminent young composer, who, being in love with the rather selfish wife of his friend, goes round the countryside with a grand piano in a caravan, and walks about at all hours in a minimum of clothing. He makes the acquaintance of a young woman of somewhat similar tastes, who is engaged to an uncongenial soul. They elope and live in the caravan together in all innocence, marry as a union of spirits, and at last come together. There are some good descriptions of forest scenery, of music, and the book is an innocent piece of work—in both senses.

Chess

PROBLEM No. 8.

By J. JUCHLI.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him before Jan. 7.

PROBLEM No. 7.

Solution.

WHITE:

- (1) Kt-Q7.
- (2) Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 6.—Correct from Rev. K. Dunbar, A. Lewis, A. S. Mitchell and S. E. Lloyd.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. G. Bishop.—In No. 6, Black answers Kt—KB6 by K x P. Our forecast of a month since concerning Alechin has been fulfilled even sooner than we had expected; for we learn that his challenge to Capablanca for the world's championship has been issued, accompanied by the intimation that he is willing to await the results of the match already pending between the Cuban and Rübinstein. It seems clear that the present holder of the championship is going to "play the game" by defending his title in a sporting manner against any great players who, in his own estimation and that of their respective supporters, have a real claim to fight for the blue riband of the chess world. A noteworthy and pleasing contrast this to the plan adopted by some previous holders of the supreme position.

BLACK:

Any move.

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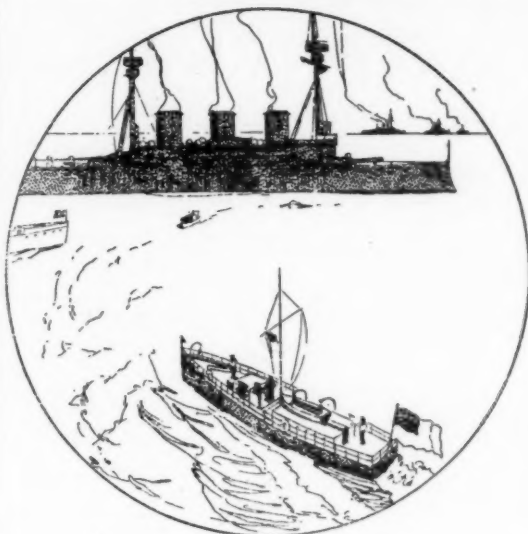
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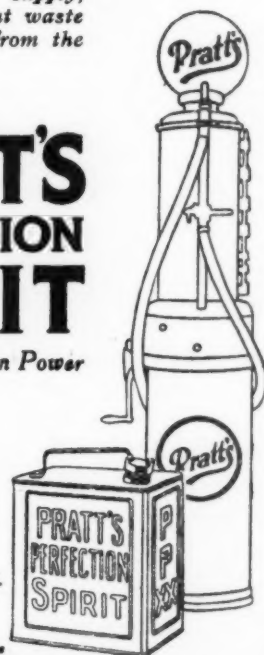
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- ¶ The number of books reviewed was more than double, and the money spent on reviewing more than quadruple the figures for the corresponding period of last year.
- ¶ Our own readers are the best agents we can possibly have for securing the re-double in circulation which we hope to announce in the near future. Our friends among the Publishers, with whose difficulties in this most difficult year we heartily sympathize, will, we know, continue and where possible increase the support they have loyally given to our efforts to maintain a full service of criticism and information as to current literature.

A Subscription Form will be found on page 746

9 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2



These two volumes must have been, to the author, a long labour. Only a passion for sculpture could have carried him through it. Omissions, occasional incomplete sympathies, and occasional over-hearty admirations, are of less importance than the fact that here we have a guide to modern sculpture, and a reference book of value to the Cinderella of the arts.

CRICKET

Cricket and Cricketers. By Colonel Philip Trevor. Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.

COLONEL Philip Trevor is certainly qualified to write a book on cricket and cricketers because not only has he been a player but, as he tells us, he must have seen about a thousand first-class matches in his life, and lookers-on are supposed by some people to see most of the game. The book asks for criticism, for much of it is the author's judgment of the merits of different cricketers and there must inevitably be great difference of opinion. Six chapters of this book are given to batsmen, and Colonel Trevor's nine heroes in order of merit are W. G. Grace, Ranji, Trumper, Jessop, Hobbs, Hayward, Fry, F. S. Jackson and Maclaren. The author leaves out Shrewsbury because he can only give a boy's recollection of this batsman, but as Grace is one of his heroes, who came out ten years before Shrewsbury, we must plead for the inclusion of that great player, who was the finest batsman on really difficult bowlers' wickets the world has ever seen. The claims of Sir T. C. O'Brien for admission are also very strong, for for though not a faster scorer than Jessop he was a harder hitter and a sounder batsman. Many other critics will also remember F. S. Jackson's grand batting against the Australians in 1902 and 1905, when over and over again he showed the temperament of the hero who rises to the occasion and plays his best when his side are in a tight place, and will put him higher in the list.

Presumably because there are so many more batsmen than bowlers, only one short chapter is given to the world's best bowlers, of whom but five are reckoned great—Spofforth, Turner, Lohmann, Barnes and Richardson, with Lockwood, Rhodes and Hearne under consideration. On English wickets Spofforth was the greatest, but many Australian judges think Turner was better and Palmer as good as Spofforth in Australia. We think also that the list might be extended by including Hugh Trumble, Giffen, and some left-handed bowlers selected from Blythe, Briggs, Peate and Peel, and Colonel Trevor omits to mention what a curious deficiency there has been of Australian left-hand bowlers. But the author's five are all chosen with good judgment.

There is much in the book about Australian cricket, and very interesting it is. Colonel Trevor is right when he says that the Australian Eleven of 1921 were unrivalled in team work, but man for man they were not nearly equal to the Australian Elevens of 1902 and 1905, and, Colonel Trevor might have added, 1882 and 1884.

Colonel Trevor writes very interestingly on League cricket, which he does not like but which has come to stay. One error may be pointed out. It was not the one and only Jowett of Balliol who was the originator of the famous remark that none of us are infallible not even the youngest of us, but the Rev. W. H. Thompson, Master of Trinity, Cambridge.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Anglicanism. By Herbert Hensley Henson, Bishop of Durham. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

BISHOP HENSLEY HENSON'S book is worthy of its subject. Composed of a series of lectures delivered at Upsala to Swedish students, with the addition of a long and rather polemical preface, it gives an illuminating account of the historical and political influences which moulded English Protestantism into its officially national form, and of the relations of the

Anglican Church to its Roman and Nonconformist neighbours at home and abroad. The tone and spirit of the book express Anglicanism at its best—courteous, broad-minded, conservative, loving compromise, gentleman-like, and above all, scholarly and correct. When the Bishop says in his preface that the Roman Church retains its hold "only over the most backward communities (e.g., the Irish, the French Canadians, the Southern Italians) and the most unlettered sections of the greater peoples, by lowering its standard of faith and morals until they are clearly inferior to those of the best representatives of the non-Christian world," he gives us, by the implied contrast, at once the merit and defect of Anglicanism. For the English upper and middle class it is excellent. To the poor and needy in intellect and in the things of this world its appeal has been less successful, and so it has given its chance to Dissent, with all the influence for good and evil that Nonconformity has wrought in our political and social life. In his dealings with dissenters the Bishop is outspoken but eminently fair. He tells us that Anglicanism can never be understood apart from a knowledge of Nonconformity and that "it is difficult to say which is the most" (should not a bishop have said "more"?) "characteristic product of the English character. If Anglicanism expresses its balance, love of precedent and tendency to compromise, Puritanism as certainly discloses its moral fervour and obstinate individualism." He admits that at the time of the industrial revolution, when new centres of industry were coming into being, not marked on the Anglican chart, "in all directions there sprang up the ugly little brick chapels which became the spiritual homes of multitudes for whom the Church of England made no provision," and he attributes to an unreasoning dislike of religious enthusiasm and a deep-seated suspicion of new departures in spiritual methods, the tragic disaster which drove the Methodists out of the Church. Even in his dealings with the Anglo-Catholics, whom he would evidently like to "hew in pieces before the Lord" (metaphorically, of course), he is fair and urbane, and throughout he writes like a scholar and a Churchman. The debt that the English language owes through the Prayer Book to the English Church is one that it can never pay. Against Parson Adams we may set Parson Trulliver and the Rev. Bute Crawley; but nothing can balance the effect on English writing of the perfect prose drummed into generations of youthful ears in Church and in School Chapels. At the end of a finely written sketch of Cranmer's character, Dr. Hensley Henson says that "the Prayer Book is his supreme and peerless achievement, and it will always be his sufficient title to the homage and gratitude of religious Englishmen," and, we may add, of all who love our language.

UNREALITIES OF PEACE

The Hope of Europe. By Philip Gibbs. Heinemann. 15s. net.

SIR Philip Gibbs achieved and deserved a reputation during the war as a correspondent who brought to his descriptions of the fighting on the western front a sense of the immitigable horror of warfare and an almost feverishly resolute determination to tell the truth about it at all costs. The merit of this kind of writing, which he made peculiarly his own, was, at its best as in his book 'Realities of War,' very high indeed; its defect was a certain over-readiness to take vicarious responsibility for what he saw round about him, and an equally excessive facility for pronouncing judgment on premises which belonged to emotion and not to reason. One fears that these latter defects have taken hold of Sir Philip rather more tightly than is good for his considerable reputation as a writer. In this new book 'The Hope of Europe' he not only parades round the earth like Byron "the pageant of his bleeding heart," but in a style which keeps breaking out into spots of a kind of emotional eczema, he scatters with a copious-

ness and assurance more astonishing than commendable verdicts on post-war Europe and the post-war world.

The practice of writing contemporary polemics as if they were really history is always dangerous, but one fears that in the hands of Sir Philip Gibbs it goes further than it is easy to pardon. In his account of the state of Ireland since the Dublin Rebellion, though he gives a spurious appearance of impartiality by condemning alternately the excesses of one side or the other, he produces an effect which is really in essence partial. In some cases which could be easily substantiated his account of actual incidents is wrong. In other cases as, for instance, in his description of Sir Hamar Greenwood as "a Canadian Jew," which is a description, as he uses it, obviously meant not to be complimentary, he denies the whole basis of his book, which, if it means anything at all, is a plea for internationalism, for forgiveness between people and between peoples, and for a resolute determination not to dislike or to mistrust other people because of their race. Finally, it is hardly possible to resist the conviction that Sir Philip Gibbs as an observer of men has allowed his eyesight to get a little rusty. On at least two pages of the book where he is endeavouring to give a portrait of a public man he mis-draws him so seriously as even to give one the impression that he had not seen him at all. President Poincaré and M. Briand are both described as being tall men. Now M. Poincaré you could, without inconvenience, put in your pocket, and even M. Briand, though not quite so diminutive in the impression he gives you, does not, at any rate physically speaking, look down on Mr. Lloyd George.

ZIONISM TO-DAY

Zionism and World-Politics. By H. M. Kallen. Heinemann. 12s. 6d. net.

THAT genuine compromise between the privileges of rulers and the rights of the ruled which distinguishes British Imperialism from its predecessors, will find one of its happiest illustrations in the future of Palestine. All but invisible on any ordinary world-map, it reveals on closer inspection a monotony of sand broken only by an occasional discord of rocks. But it is the bridge between Asia and Africa and through the centuries has suffered from a spasmodic importance—as a cockpit or a caravanserai. To Jews of all times and climes the ideal of the return to Zion has been what the author, borrowing a term from psychology, calls the "compensatory ideal," a vision which grows brighter as and because the encircling gloom grows more profound. But for the war, Zionism would still be performing this quasi-pathological function. But each oscillation of the Eastern front involved cumulative agony for the inhabitants of Central European ghettos whose clamant woes stung their more fortunate Western kinsmen into shocked activity. Yet the circumstances which aggravated the problem eventually provided the materials for a solution. And so at length to Mr. Balfour's letter of November 2nd, 1917, to Lord Rothschild, and Allenby's victory and the British mandate.

The author is fully alive to the difficulties of the situation. The evolution of the Jewish state will depend partly on the sublimated imperialism implied by the mandatory system, partly on ambitious social and economic experiments necessitated by Palestine's sterility. The final chapter of the book sketches these in outline. But we venture a diffident suggestion that the author is lapsing into the oracular when he closes his book with the remark that "the New Life of the Jewish people in the New Zion will either attain the forms designated or remain a compensatory ideal." And his attitude towards the opposition of Jews and non-Jews is consistently partizan and usually acrimonious. Dr. Kallen, we gather, is an American. American

Zionism was late in the field. It seceded this year from the world-wide Zionist organization on questions of policy which it would have been given every opportunity of debating. We hesitate to suggest the analogy.

Dr. Kallen's style is distinctive. What he writes may be excellent American. It is certainly bad English. "Under the stressful conditions of the Peace Conference at Paris an enchainment of emotions of so great a polarity into a pattern of united and common action was impossible." We can almost hear the Doctor smack his lips over the polarity of his enchainment sonority.

A SENTIMENTAL TRAVELLER

Mount Eryx and other Diversions of Travel. By Henry Festing Jones. Cape. 12s. 6d. net.

AS the *alter ego* of Samuel Butler, Mr. Festing Jones keeps up the style and tradition. Butler specially enjoyed his trips to Italy; had little adventures; and made friends everywhere. The responsibilities in this way of his friend and companion seem tremendous. As godfather, uncle, and correspondent, he must be pretty busy keeping his friendships in repair, but on his last visit after seven years to some Sicilian friends, they all said that "Enrico" was not a day older. There is another side to the Sicilian character, in which weapons and hasty politics play an unpleasant part. Everything, however, goes well with Mr. Jones at Trapani, where Butler discovers the ancient Scheria and the authoress of the Odyssey, and in other places with agreeable views, serenading musicians, and local dainties. He moves amid a rapture of reminiscence, dimmed now and again by advancing years, and develops freely the little humours of his visits. He is not annoyed when he loses his railway-ticket or gets his pocket-book stolen, but makes an elaborate story of both. We like particularly the Maker of Ballads who thinks England a province of Russia, and declares that Socrates was poisoned with a cup of celery juice; but there is a little too much of the inconsequent English lady who bullied her daughter. Bores, we feel, are much better to write about than to meet—witness Miss Bates in 'Emma'—but even so the amusement is easily overdone. Mr. Jones makes great play with Butler's naughty habit of bringing the standards of the everyday world to bear on religious ideas and representations, and insists on being precise about details of a trivial sort. The letters of his own to a "compare" which he reprints are tedious in this way. But the reader who is attuned to the freaks and delights of sentimental journeying will find much that is pleasant, including attempts at English like "It is the young man that shall be planting the savage barley." Theories of life and archæology are gaily put forth which may amuse or amaze the erudite, but we need not take them too seriously. Sicily is a land rich in legend; and, as Anatole France has pointed out, the public prefers fiction with all its enterprising ramifications to cold fact, which has no variety about it. Legend is "fancy-free," and so is Mr. Jones, a butterfly flitting and tasting. A chance remark at a table d'hôte by an elderly English lady will put him on to Loreto:

I had never been there, nor had I ever met anyone who had, but I knew it was near Ancona, and this interested me because I had recently bought a wine-jug in blue-and-white crockery whose shape suggested that its designer had been thinking of poke-bonnets.

The Index to Vol. 131 of the SATURDAY REVIEW is now on sale, price 6d. Subscribers to that volume may obtain it free on application to the Publishers, 9, King Street, W.C.2.

Shorter Notices

A Short History of the Irish People, by Mary Hayden and George A. Mooney (Longmans, 20s. net), is as fair-minded a history as can be expected at the present day, given the implications of the authors. For them, the people seem to be only those who were "agin the Government" from the twelfth century on: their account of the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet rule makes little use of recent research and none of the magnificent series of records which contain the history of Irish land in the Middle Ages: and, reading their pages, we find a record of unbroken successes against the Government by the Irish chieftains, and none of their numerous defeats. Since nearly every inhabitant of Ireland, save perhaps a few in the mountains of Donegal and in the Western Isles, is of mixed Anglo-Irish descent, for it is incredible that any large proportion should have escaped after Mountjoy, Cromwell and 1688, it seems to us that at least this part of Irish history might be treated as belonging to all parties. In other respects we have little but praise to give to the authors. They give us excellent historical maps, plenty of genealogical tables and summaries, a full index, a useful account of Irish literature, which is too often in the early part confined to literature in Irish, and avoid much of the foolish over-statement which makes most writers on the Nationalist side a by-word among historians. They are, not unnaturally, a little at sea on legal matters. A palatine jurisdiction, though it interposed difficulties in the way of the King's writ, was not independent: no one would say that Cheshire or Durham was at any time free of English rule. A Lord Deputy, too, was a deputy to a Lord Lieutenant in nearly every case, when there was a Lord Deputy in Ireland there was generally a titular Lord Lieutenant in England, but the chief difference was in the powers conferred on a Lieutenant and a Deputy by their respective patents of appointment. We would urge upon these admirably, almost ideally for the purpose, equipped writers, having shown their powers by this book, to give us a history of the Anglo-Irish rule from the Conquest to Poyning's Law. There are ample materials in the English and Irish Patent and Close Rolls, the Justiciary Rolls, the Irish Statutes, and the various muniments already in print, which require interpretation by students familiar with Irish history and Irish place names. We have purposely said nothing about the modern portion of this history: where events that happened three centuries ago are part of everyday politics, historical calm and accuracy cannot be expected till the day arrives when a writer understanding alike both the English and Irish temperament and sharing in neither shall undertake the task of writing the history of the Irish people.

The Fall of Mary Stuart, by F. A. Munby (Constable, 18s. net), is a quite admirable piece of work in its way. It tells the story of the tragic years of Mary, from her marriage with Darnley to her flight into England, 1565-1568. As in the preceding volumes the story is told in the letters of Mary and her contemporaries, connected by a thread of judicious narrative and criticism. The spelling is modernized and when necessary the translations of the official publications are used. The sources of each are given, but we have no indication that Mr. Munby has consulted originals where these are open to inspection, and in some cases he has quoted Mrs. Strickland who uses documents notoriously fiction. The work is illustrated by nine portraits of the leading characters of the story, but we should have liked to see Darnley in a full-length portrait—"the long lad"—such as that in Hamilton Palace, and Bothwell in the authentic portrait still in the possession of his collateral descendants. The crux of Mr. Munby's volume is his solution of the mystery of the Casket Letters. He thinks they are forged, especially the "Second" one. The real difficulty is to find the genius who could do it. On the other hand, the Sonnets, the full text of which has only lately been recovered, are quite enough to prove the depth of Mary's infatuation. It is rather a pity that Mr. Munby did not elucidate the insult to the English at the christening masque (p. 150) of the satyrs wagging their tails. It referred to the traditional scoff that Englishmen were tailed. On the other hand, Mr. Munby might have presumed that Cecil was a master of English of his time: "make" (p. 183) is not "obviously a mistake for mate" but mate is a modern corruption of make. We have however nothing but praise for a quite successful piece of work which we commend to every one interested in one of the most romantic figures in our history.

Ulster and Munster, edited by George Fletcher (Cambridge University Press, 6s. 6d. net each) are two volumes of a new series of handbooks giving an account of the physiography of Ireland and of its economic and social history. Each volume contains sections on the natural history, antiquities, architecture and the notabilities of the province, and is illustrated by maps, diagrams and illustrations of places, and persons and things. The Ulster volume, for instance, contains nearly fifty illustrations ranging from stone axes and gold hoards to the Arboe cross and the portrait of John Mitchel, besides eleven maps and diagrams, of which two show the 250-foot and the 500-foot contours. Prof. Macalister writes of the Ancient Geography and Mr. E. C. R. Armstrong of the Antiquities and Architecture. The Botany and Zoology is perhaps the most novel feature in these handbooks, which present their information in a novel and unconventional way. We are rather surprised to find no mention of Tullyhogue, where the O'Neill had to be installed, or of the castle in Roughan Lough, while a list of the little "forths"

scattered over the wild parts of the province, especially in Tyrone, would have been welcome. Munster, being more populous in early times, has a more interesting architectural history, its prehistoric remains being especially abundant, though the neolithic population were forced to import their flint implements from the North of Ireland. Some of the finds show trade with Scandinavia during the Early Bronze Age, and there are more stone circles in Munster than in the whole of England. We congratulate the editor on a brilliant beginning of a most useful series.

The Nicholas Papers. Vol. IV. 1657-1660. Edited by Sir George F. Warner (Royal Historical Society). These contain a large number of letters to the court of the exiled Charles II, of whom Sir Edward Nicholas was the Secretary of State, and a few after the Restoration, mostly relating to the regicide, Thomas Scot. They are selected from materials in the British Museum, and some of them from drafts in Nicholas's own hand, written in a shorthand very difficult to decipher. Their editing leaves nothing to be desired, as was to be expected from anything to which the name of Sir George Warner is attached. It has always seemed strange to us that this period in the life of Charles II has been little explored by our major historical novelists: except Dumas we remember at the moment none who have touched on it, and his brilliant invention disdained any contact with fact. Here we learn of the desperate straits of the exiles for money, their hopes for the result of a foreign attack on England, their assassination plots, the other side of the cession of Dunkirk, and of the Presbyterian Restoration plots which were ultimately successful. The notes are full of information, and this volume, read in conjunction with Firth's 'Last Years of the Protectorate,' the papers in 'Tudor and Stuart Proclamations' and Burnet, will furnish forth a full portrait of one of the most obscure periods of our political history.

New Mathematical Pastimes, by Major P. A. Macmahon (Cambridge University Press, 12s. net) contains a large number of geometrical designs, arranged symmetrically in form and colour, and starting from a study of the number of combinations that can be obtained by the juxtaposition of regular figures differing in colour. The pastimes will appeal in the first instance to what may be called the "jig-saw puzzle" mind, and indeed we feel sure that an attentive following of this book would have led to a prompt solution of more than one of the newspaper puzzles recently put before the world. The study of symmetry in pattern in the third part of the book will be of use to designers, though for sheer beauty, to our mind, a certain asymmetry is needful. We have been much interested by the quotations with which Major Macmahon enlivens his pages: they range from Phaedrus to Martin F. Tupper, dwelling on the eighteenth century poets for preference, but he ought not to have credited the Arcadia to Pembroke—Pembroke's Arcadia would have just passed muster.

The World's Work for January contains perhaps the most important part yet issued of the reminiscences of Mr. Page's career in England—describing his dealings with Sir Edward Grey over the difficulties connected with our blockade of Germany. There has been no more graphic picture painted of the relations between a friendly ambassador and a Foreign Secretary than that given here, and Mr. Page may take all credit for the pretty obvious suggestion that our French allies should take upon themselves the duty of seizing the test ship—the *Dacia*—despatched to bring about either the failure of the blockade or a war with the United States. Whether or no, on another occasion, of which Mr. Page gives an account, Lord Robert Cecil was gravely pulling the Ambassador's leg must be left to conjecture. An amusing paper on the Geddes family opens with the account of some geological remains found near the Border marked with the foot-prints of reptiles—all pointing south! Another interesting article is contributed by V. Stefansson the explorer on Spitzbergen and its possibilities, amongst other Northern lands. The Canadian Oil Rush, the St. Gothard electric railway, and English dining-cars are the subjects of illustrated articles.

Bonaparte, Membre de l'Institut, by G. Lacour-Gayet. (Paris, Gauthier-Villars, 15 fr.) is an account of the way in which the conqueror of Italy was elected in 1787 a member of the Institut in the place of Carnot, who had been struck off the lists by the Directory. Bonaparte took his share in the sittings of the Institut up till 1802, and even after he became Emperor he remained a member till in 1815 he resigned on his return from Elba. The author has extracted from the archives of the Académie des Sciences all the references to Bonaparte's share in their proceedings and has illustrated his work by sixteen facsimile reproductions of documents, etc., most of them up to the present unpublished. The work is a valuable addition to the great library of works on Napoleon and throws some light on his character. It is singular that his chief interest in science lay in astronomy, and it is noteworthy that his first object after establishing himself in any conquest was to promote the interests of science and its professors in the place.

Whitehall, by C. Delisle Burns (Milford, 2s. 6d. net), is an account of the mechanism of Government to-day, which should be in the hands of everyone who wishes to take an intelligent interest in the task of economical reform. A list of the chapters will show the general plan of the book: Administration, The Treasury, The Home, Colonial and India Offices, The War and Foreign Departments, The Economic Departments, Health and Education, Retrenchment and Reform. Appendices show the cost

of certain departments, and their headquarters staff. It is a most valuable member of a valuable series 'The World of To-day.'

The Day of Small Things, by Mrs. Evan Nepean (Bale, 8s. 6d. net), is a quite charming series of reminiscences of the youth of Jannet Ross, of the things that she read, thought, said and did, and of what went on round her. We recommend it most heartily to all those who can take pleasure in the genuine life of a child with exceptional opportunities for being happy. It is a good piece of work, perhaps the best the writer has given us.

FICTION

East is East, by T. D. Pilcher (Lane, 7s. 6d. net), contains three stories of Indian life. The first is an amplification of the proverb that Kim quoted to Mahbub Ali except that Gen. Pilcher puts the Brahmin highest in the scale of treachery instead of lowest. The second tells of the temptation of a Resident in a native state, and the third, like the first, is a tale of the north-west border. The tales are good, the author has a good eye for local colour, and the writing is simple and adequate. In brief, a successful book.

The Passionate Pilgrim, by Samuel Merwin (Allen & Unwin, 8s. 6d. net) is the story of how Henry Calverley, a writer of reputation, who had gone to pieces and disappeared after the death of his young wife and his own undisciplined imprisonment, set out to remake life for himself as a newspaper reporter. He finds that good writing is not wanted on his paper, but gradually recovers his lost powers, and chance puts him on the path to success and a happy marriage. The story, which we believe is one of a series, though this is not apparent, is very American in its implications, its enthusiasms, and in the rewards it offers for success.

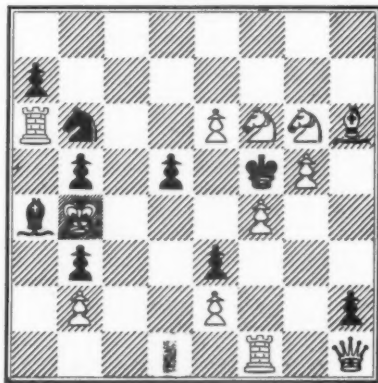
The Grass Eater, by Phyllis Austin (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net), is Pan Lancing, an eminent young composer, who, being in love with the rather selfish wife of his friend, goes round the countryside with a grand piano in a caravan, and walks about at all hours in a minimum of clothing. He makes the acquaintance of a young woman of somewhat similar tastes, who is engaged to an uncongenial soul. They elope and live in the caravan together in all innocence, marry as a union of spirits, and at last come together. There are some good descriptions of forest scenery, of music, and the book is an innocent piece of work—in both senses.

Chess

PROBLEM No. 8.

By J. JUCHLI.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him before Jan. 7.

PROBLEM No. 7.

Solution.

WHITE:

(1) Kt-Q7.

(2) Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 6.—Correct from Rev. K. Dunbar, A. Lewis, A. S. Mitchell and S. E. Lloyd.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. G. Bishop.—In No. 6, Black answers Kt—KB6 by K x P. Our forecast of a month since concerning Alechin has been fulfilled even sooner than we had expected; for we learn that his challenge to Capablanca for the world's championship has been issued, accompanied by the intimation that he is willing to await the results of the match already pending between the Cuban and Rubinstein. It seems clear that the present holder of the championship is going to "play the game" by defending his title in a sporting manner against any great players who, in his own estimation and that of their respective supporters, have a real claim to fight for the blue riband of the chess world. A noteworthy and pleasing contrast this to the plan adopted by some previous holders of the supreme position.

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